

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

Vol. LXII. FEBRUARY 22, 1917 No. 736.

CONTENTS.

THE IMAGISTS. <i>Padraic Colum</i>	125
CASUAL COMMENT	128
The Gonceourt prize, and others.—Charting the ocean of literature.—Getting the most out of books.—The original of "Huckleberry Finn."—Almanac wisdom.—Greater library facilities for Chicago.	
COMMUNICATIONS	130
Mr. Powys. <i>Claude Bragdon</i> .	
Rabindranath Tagore. <i>Mayce Fries Seymour</i> .	
Hodiernal Fiction. <i>Bessie Graham</i> .	
Braithwaite's Anthology for 1916. <i>Myron Zobel</i> .	
Notes from Japan. <i>Ernest W. Clement</i> .	
NEW IDEALS IN BUSINESS. <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	133
TRUE STORIES OF TURKEY. <i>Helen McAfee</i>	134
LIFE ON THE VELD. <i>Talbot Mundy</i>	135
THE POWER OF INTELLIGENCE. <i>H. M. Kallen</i>	136
STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS. <i>Odell Shepard</i>	137
ADVENTURES IN THE THEATRE. <i>Oliver M. Sayler</i>	141
A NEW LEGEND OF LEONARDO. <i>Louis I. Bredvold</i>	143
RECENT FICTION. <i>Edward E. Hale</i>	145
NOTES ON NEW FICTION	147
BRIEFS OF NEW BOOKS	149
The Elements of Style.—Slavery in Germanic Society during the Middle Ages.—Tiger Land.—Creative Involution.—"Madoiselle Miss."—The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines.—The Spell of Scotland.—The Social Criticism of Literature.—Famous Sculpture.—Diseases of Occupational and Vocational Hygiene.	
BRIEFER MENTION	152
NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES	153
NOTES AND NEWS	154
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	156

THE IMAGISTS.

Students of contemporary poetry have a reasonable grievance against that group of poets whose best-known representatives are Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. John Gould Fletcher. They have had a name and a group existence for a couple of years now; but as yet they have not put forth in an informing and scholarly way the philosophy of their departure from traditional metres and the history of the ideas they seek to expound. It is true they have written some prefaces: there is one to the anthology, "Some Imagist Poets," published in 1915, and one to Mr. Fletcher's "Irradiations—Sand and Spray." But the announcements made in these prefaces are really too naïve.

The Imagists could have used very well an essay on "The Development of English Metres" contributed by the Irish critic Mr. William Larminie to "The Contemporary Review" of 1894—the November number. Mr. Larminie's is a learned and informing exposition of the reasons for a departure from current verse-forms. His views as to the burden of technique which the long development of English poetry has placed upon the poets of to-day are the same as those delivered by Miss Amy Lowell, while his deliberate judgment of the results of this over-burden would be a compelling statement in an Imagist exposition. Mr. Larminie has this to say:

One writer who has not the gift of fluency tends to become obscure; for the external requirements of art must at all costs be met, and direct simplicity of expression is unavoidably and unconsciously sacrificed. Of this class of poet Rossetti is a conspicuous example. The tendency of others, on the contrary, from whom the "full flowing river of speech" wells more irresistibly, is to dilute the idea. Difficulties of metre and rhyme are evaded by bringing forward a multitude of words and phrases from which the necessary expressions can easily be selected—the process, as a rule, involving much circumlocution, and the presentation of the idea in minute fragments, so that twenty stanzas are needed where two ought to suffice.

Seriously Mr. Larminie says here what the Imagists have said fitfully. Here are corresponding ideas from their anthology of 1915:

4. To present an image (hence the name "Imagist"). We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous. It is for this reason that we oppose the cosmic poet, who seems to us to shirk the real difficulties of his art.

5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.

6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry.

On the question of shedding rhyme from English verse, it is Mr. Larminie who makes the statement that carries conviction:

Latin, which has a much more perfect quantity, has no stress. But English has stress of a very energetic kind, which helps out the quantitative deficiencies. French has neither. German, like English, has both. But in German the consonants are often so harsh that with English, in this respect so much more melodious, the final superiority among modern languages remains. Yet, having this superiority, enjoying these superior resources, and subject to the obligations imposed upon them, it has nevertheless also taken upon itself other burdens, it has allowed another language possessed of far inferior resources to impose upon it the law necessitated by its inferiority; it has accepted the unnecessary burden of rhyme.

Mr. Larminie insisted that the strength of all English metre is in its quantitative rhythm and that the greatest English poetry relied upon quantitative rhythm only. The addition of rhyme has tended to distract attention from qualities that are really essential to good English verse, and has prevented the evolution of varied quantitative forms. Finally, Mr. Larminie suggested the creation of verse-forms that would have greater freedom and finer sound in "quantity sweetened by assonance and assonance strengthened by quantity."

The Imagists so far have made no such thoughtful statement as that contributed to "The Contemporary Review" in 1894. Neither have they done much to reveal the occasions on which the forms they advocate have been shown in literature. They have referred to the well-known writers of free verse—to Dryden, Blake, Matthew Arnold, and William Henley, but they have not directed attention to the more obscure places in which certain of their forms have been shown.

It is worth noting that one of these places is the folk romance as it is still told in Gaelic Ireland and Scotland. In the folk tales there are passages, vehement or decorative, which are called "runs," and which are given in irregular verse-forms. Here is a typical "run" in translation:

He moved as sea-heaps from sea-heaps,
And as play-balls from play-balls—
As a furious winter-wind—
So swiftly, sprucely, cheerily,
Right proudly,
Through glens and high tops,
And no stop made he
Until he came
To the City and court of O'Donnell.
He gave a cheery, light leap
O'er top and turret
Of court and city
Of O'Donnell.

This particular "run" is from "The Slim Swarthy Champion," a story given in Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands." "The only authority for writing this as poetry," says Campbell, "is the rhythm and alliteration of the original." In order to let the eye of the reader perceive the external likeness to some of the verse of the Imagists, I shall give the original here:

Ghluais e mar mhuir-mhill o mhuir-mhill,
'S mar mhire-bhuill o mhire-bhuill;
Mar ghaoith ghailbheach gheamhraidh,
Gu sìtheach, sothach, sanntach
Sar-mheamnach,
Trid ghleannann as ard-mhullach;
'S cha d'rinneadh stad leis
Gus an d'thainig e
Gu cuirt agus cathair O Domhnuill.
Thug e leum sunndach, soilleir
Thar barr agus baideil
Cuirte agus cathair
O Domhnuill.

In these folk romances it is not the intention of the story-teller to insert a poem into his narrative—what he wants to do is to whip up his prose into passages that are vehement or decorative. Such effects are not sought in our narrative to-day, for with us narrative is written and not told. But in the prose that is declaimed,—the prose of the orators,—one sees the form being "whipped up" into similar energetic rhythms. Here is Burke doing it in his oration on American taxation:

He made an administration, so checkered and speckled;
He put together a piece of joinery,
So crossly indented;
And whimsically dove-tailed;
A cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement;
Here a bit of black stone,
And there a bit of white;
Patriots and courtiers;
King's friends and republicans;
Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a curious shew;
But utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on.

I believe that it is in passages where prose is "whipped up" into strong rhythms, rather than in the free verse of Dryden, Blake,

Matthew Arnold, and William Henley, that the forms which the general reader is inclined to regard as typically Imagist have appeared before. Compare what has been given above with this passage from Mr. John Gould Fletcher's "London Excursion."

Yet I revolt: I bend, I twist myself,
I curl into a million convolutions:
Pink shapes without angle,
Anything to be soft and woolly,
Anything to escape.

Sudden lurch of clamours,
Two more viaducts
Stretch out red yokes of steel,
Crushing my rebellion.

My soul
Shrieking
Is jolted forwards by a long hot bar—
Into direct distances.
It pierces the small of my back.

I have made comparisons between Imagist poems and passages in oratory and I think I can say fairly that many of the Imagist pieces are really efforts in oratory. But then there is no reason why there should not be a form midway between prose and poetry. It is necessary to distinguish such a form by a name and I suggest it be called a "rhetoric."

The Imagists, then, do not always start from the free-verse poets whose names they sometimes mention. Many of their pieces have a prose, not a verse nucleus. It seems to me that the idea of prose occupies the minds of many in the group as it occupies the mind of the orator and the teller of the folk tale, and the poem appears to them as a "whipping up" of their prose. This is not true of all the Imagist poets. It is hardly true of any one of them on every occasion. But we shall be better able to judge when they approach the poets and when they approach the orators if we keep a few passages from the oratorical writers in our minds, remembering always that "oratory is the thing heard, poetry the thing overheard."

I saw her
Just above the horizon,
Decorating and cheering the elevated sphere
She just began to move in,—
Glittering like the morning star,
Full of life and splendour and joy.
Oh! what a revolution!
And what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion
That elevation and that fall! . . .
I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped
from their scabbards
To avenge
Even a look that threatened her with insult.
—Burke, "Reflections on the French Revolution."
For Nature,
As green as she looks,

Rests everywhere on dread foundations,
Were we farther down;
And Pan,
To whose music the Nymphs dance,
Has a cry in him
That can drive all men distracted.

—Carlyle, "The French Revolution."

She is older than the rocks
Among which she sits;
Like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and
learned the secrets of the grave;
And has been a diver in deep seas,
And keeps their fallen day about her;
And trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants:

And, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy,
And, as Saint Anne,
The mother of Mary;
And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres
and flutes,
And lives
Only in the delicacy with which it has moulded
The changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and
the hands.

The Imagists have really created many forms—forms for oratory, for narrative verse, for lyrical verse, for epigram, for dramatic dialogue. If some of these poets write round a prose nucleus, others certainly write round a verse nucleus. And one would show himself blinded or invincibly narrow-minded if one went through a collection of Imagist poems without paying a tribute to the beauty and poignancy of Miss Amy Lowell's "Patterns" (which, by the way, is not written in rhymeless verse); to the solidity of Mr. F. S. Flint's "Eau-Forte" (written in unrhymed but measured verse); to the prairie-like sweep of Mr. Fletcher's Arkansas poems; and, if his poems which are in traditional forms may be mentioned as Imagist, to the poignant dramatic lyrics of Mr. D. H. Lawrence—"Fireflies in the Corn," "A Woman and Her Dead Husband," and "The Mowers."

The new forms they are creating are likely to further the production of a distinctive poetic literature for America. These forms are words in a new Declaration of Independence. For the future American poet may be the child of a Syrian or a Swede, or a Greek or a Russian. The traditional rhythms of English verse may not be in his blood and he might fumble in his poetry if he tried to use them. But here are verse measures that he can mould as he pleases. As he uses them he will not be embarrassed by memories of forgotten dances, disused harp-strings, and unmastered languages that are in the traditional poetic measures of the British Islands.

PADRAIC COLUM.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE GONCOURT PRIZE, AND OTHERS, awarded to French authors by more or less competent judges of literature, have suffered some irregularity of award in the general upset due to the war, but are now being assigned with something like the old orderliness and method. Though Edmond de Goncourt, in founding the academy and the annual prize bearing his name, stipulated that the award should be made to a young writer for a work of fiction, his instructions have seldom been literally followed. The 1916 prize, for example, has gone to the veteran writer, M. Henri Barbusse, for his novel, "Le Feu." He is over forty, a venerable age in comparison with the youthfulness of most earlier recipients of the Goncourt mark of distinction; and "Le Feu" is by no means his maiden effort. With this latest award the deferred 1914 prize was also assigned: it went to M. Adrian Bertrand for "L'Appel du Sol," which had already appeared as a serial in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" before its issue in book form. Word comes that Marcel Toussaint, to whom was given the Sully-Prudhomme prize for the best volume of poetry of the year, has recently fallen in battle. The holder of the latest "Grand Prix du Roman," awarded by the French Academy, is an officer of high repute who was wounded in the defence of Dixmude. His novel-with-a-purpose, "La Vocation," is the winning book. To Pierre Mille, who excels in the short story, has been awarded the Lasserre prize, which is bestowed by the government in recognition of a life's work rather than of a single performance. Of the various literary productions thus recently crowned, René Benjamin's "Gaspard," winner of the 1915 Goncourt prize, is probably the best known to readers outside of France. Though the Goncourt award has not the pecuniary value of the Academy and Lasserre prizes (5000 as compared with 6000 francs), it is held in the highest esteem of them all.

CHARTING THE OCEAN OF LITERATURE would be a difficult task for even the most skilled oceanographer. Something less difficult than this, because confined to the commercial and statistical aspects of the subject, is attempted and accomplished by "The Publishers' Weekly" in its graphic display of the ups and downs of the various lines of book-trade in this country for the past six years. Especially interesting are the comparisons thus exhibited between the present day and "before the war." The only branch of literature

to show uninterrupted gains since that happy time of peace and prosperity (as it now seems to us) is history. From the 400 class in 1911 it rose into the 500 division the next year, and has since been ascending rapidly; in 1916 it approached 900. Other departments, while falling off under stress of war, have shown an encouraging tendency, with very few exceptions, to rally during the year just closed. Fiction has suffered with the rest, but has maintained its relative superiority; and music, at the other end of the scale, has pursued the even tenor of its habitual course, with some decline in 1915, and a good recovery in 1916, when miscellaneous literature vied with it for lowest place. Book-circulation in the belligerent countries shows a very natural decline since 1913, with Belgium out of the running entirely, and Germany and Austria-Hungary badly crippled. In neutral European countries there is an occasional marked increase in publishing activity. Denmark's book-trade has steadily improved since 1913, and for the season 1915-16 was eight per cent ahead of its own high record of 1913-14. Switzerland, too, and Holland seem to be more than holding their own. On the whole, the trade in books has suffered far less than many another department of commerce from the ravages of war.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF BOOKS, out of the books one already has, instead of indulging one's natural inclination to acquire all the inviting new books as they come out, is the policy forced upon some of us in these times, and upon others of us at all times. From Mankato, Minnesota, comes word of various devices adopted in a lean year to make the public library serve the greatest good of the greatest number so far as this may be effected without any considerable purchase of fresh reading matter. "Inasmuch as almost no new books were coming in," says the librarian, "we have tried to get a better use out of the books we had. We have made book lists on various subjects, keeping the lists on the desk where they could be easily consulted. The following lists have been made: Good stories to read aloud; Detective stories; Cheerful stories; Interesting books not fiction; Christian Science stories; Readable essays; Western stories; Modern plays; Notable recent biographies; Interesting travel books; War stories; Short stories; Entertaining books in large print. These lists have been given hard usage and have accelerated the use of our books." It has been a year of diminished resources (\$4,000 instead of the customary

\$5,000 for all expenses) for the Mankato library; and meantime the city parks are receiving \$9,100 for their upkeep, the police department \$11,400, and the fire department \$13,000. To be sure, the former appropriation of \$5,000 has been granted to the library for the coming year; but that is not exactly lavish for a city of Mankato's size.

THE ORIGINAL OF "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" has died in obscurity and, what is far worse, in poverty. A man capable of inspiring so great a work of fiction as the celebrated "Adventures" ought in his old age to have been supported in luxury, if he cared for it, from the proceeds of that unfailing popular book. As a matter of melancholy fact, his declining years were passed in the county almshouse at Paris, Missouri. Barney Farthing was his name outside the pages of romance, and he lived to the ripe age of eighty, having been born in 1836, the year after his boyhood friend first drew breath in the town of Florida, near Paris. But so closely was he identified with the hero of the above-mentioned adventures that for years he had answered to the name of Huck Finn as often as to his own. An original genius in later life, as he had been during the eventful earlier period chronicled by his friend, he made the coffin in which he was buried—made it in protest against the outrageous prices of the "coffin trust." Other similar products of cabinet-making art he is said to have furnished in considerable number to friends and contemporaries, like-minded with himself in their opinion of the aforesaid iniquitous trust; and to those of his own kin he rendered this service free of charge, adding also other properties indispensable at a rightly conducted funeral. Indeed, he seems to have specialized in the paraphernalia of funerals, in an amateur way. It is a satisfaction to learn that when his own end came he had something better than a pine box and a burial in the potter's field. Kind friends gave him a funeral that would have rejoiced his heart.

ALMANAC WISDOM is still in season. From one of the countless annuals—namely, from "The Atlantic Monthly Almanac"—we quote a few precepts, perhaps not equal to Poor Richard's, but at least not devoid of interest for the curious. These precepts are exhumed by the almanac editor from Charles William Day's "Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society" (Boston, 1844). "Never pare an apple or a pear for a lady unless she desire

you." Excellent. Not quite equal to this in fine appreciation of the proprieties is the following: "Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not at all pleasant." How, we wonder, did Mr. Day's contemporaries receive the instruction next to be quoted? "At family dinners, where the household bread is used, it should never be cut less than an inch and a half thick. There is nothing more plebeian than *thin* bread at dinner." Evidently Europe was not then depleting our flour-supply by hundreds of thousands of barrels yearly. The last of Mr. Day's ten commandments tells us, with extraordinary typographical emphasis on the first word, to "lead the lady through the quadrille; do not drag her, nor clasp her hand as if it were made of wood. Dance quietly; do not kick or caper about, nor sway your body to and fro; dance only from the hips downwards; and lead the lady as lightly as you would tread a measure with a sprite of gossamer." But that was long before the One Step and the Fox Trot and the Wasp Waddle and similar (or worse) terpsichorean audacities.

GREATER LIBRARY FACILITIES FOR CHICAGO are planned by the library directors. Five regional branches are to be established, with seventy local branches auxiliary to them. There will be sixty deposit stations, where there are now thirty-five, one hundred industrial and commercial branches instead of the present twenty-one, three thousand classroom travelling collections of fifty volumes each (there are now 848 such collections), and the speedy motor-car or motor-truck will be called into frequent service to expedite the circulation in this somewhat complex system. Chicago's extent of territory and the size of its population make this expansion of its library system necessary. "Public Libraries," in outlining the new measures, says that "Chicago comprises nearly 200,000 square miles of territory and . . . there are 700,000 potential users of the library who are prevented from using it by reason of distance." Surely they must be thus prevented. A city of the above-named area and of Chicago's oblong shape would measure, perhaps, one thousand miles long by two hundred miles wide; and to visit the central library many citizens would have to travel four or five hundred miles. Well, Chicago is undoubtedly big, but as all Illinois contains only about 56,000 square miles, the case of the would-be library-user is not quite so bad as the afore-mentioned figures might lead a stranger to infer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. POWYS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Nothing is easier than to discredit genius by showing up its inconsistencies. Whitman discounted this sort of criticism long ago in his "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself," and such would be the most effective answer to Mr. Israel Solon's review of Mr. Powys's "Suspended Judgments." What manner of man Mr. Powys is, may be gathered from this brilliant book of essays, which I hope those of your readers who love what is fine and rare will not be discouraged from reading by anything that Mr. Solon has said. What manner of man Mr. Solon is, may equally be gathered from his review. Just as there is "the kind of woman that keeps a parrot," so there is the kind of man who "takes notes" at lectures. To this class Mr. Solon confessedly—perhaps I should say avowedly—belongs. This means that he dissects the dead phrase and misses the live message. It is with the dissection of phrases that his review for the most part deals. He has failed to feel the authentic thrill of genius; therefore there is no hint in his review that Mr. Powys can communicate that thrill; but he can, and does.

He plays upon his audience as on a harp: intoxicated with his own music, his lips are sometimes touched with a coal from the altar, and Delphic utterances fall thick and fast. Hates, prejudices—ethnic, political, puritanical—are burnt up and disappear in the devouring flame of his eloquence, only to assert themselves afterward with augmented virulence. As a result, his most inspired discourses usually close more doors than they open, and it is perhaps for this reason that for the past few years Mr. Powys has favored the firmer, freer, if less lofty and vertiginous, forum of the printed page.

"Suspended Judgments" is as far removed from "the spawn of the press" as is the star from the starfish. To Emerson's dictum, not to read "books about books," it is the exception which proves the rule. It is a record not alone of the adventures of Mr. Powys's soul among masterpieces, but of its adventures amid the noise and jostle of our American scene. The man has apparently no skin to protect him, either from the assault of great minds or of little. His capacity for the enjoyment of the large free ravishment of the one is only equalled by his capacity for suffering from the puritanical inhibitions of the other. At one moment he is an embodied intelligence, contemplating with compassionate and astonished gaze this slum of space; at another he is a mad amorist of "the great imaginative writers." Again, he is the disillusioned and dyspeptic satirist of all those who possess a philosophy of life; then, with a round turn, he brings us up, perhaps, with some so thrillingly true statement about life, art, or religion, couched in so crystal a clarity of phrase, that we love the man and adore the artist.

One finds in "Suspended Judgments," despite its varied content, certain constantly recurring

themes: the warfare between genius and mediocrity, the dead hand laid on life by hypocritical puritanism, the futility of philosophical theorizing, the wisdom and beauty of the children of earth—that is, those who yield without qualm or question to life's orgiastic tides; but the great ground-rhythm of all this various music is of sex, sex, sex.

None but hasty and superficial thinkers will take exception to Mr. Powys here. Sex is as normally and naturally the secret preoccupation of the sons and daughters of men as gravitation is of the stone, or polarity of the electron. Such is the inevitable consequence of living in a dissevered universe striving toward unity. We are all students and practitioners of the ancient and sacred science of Yoga—union with the Divine. Now every dear thing is Divine as long as it is thrillingly dear. To man, the dearest thing is woman; and to woman, man. Love, always and everywhere, is "the desire of the moth for the star,"—for even the concupiscent flesh seeks sublimation into spirit. It is because our loves are so dampened by our egotisms, our cautions and our cowardices, that we rot and smoulder instead of breaking into purifying flame. This is the essence of Mr. Powys's teaching: that love is a liberating thing. The sins of Sodom and Gomorrah, the sensualities of Tyre and Sidon, may excite his curious interest as showing "into what red hell our sightless souls may stray"; but it is upon the cleansing power of pure, primordial passion that he places all his insistence, it is this that provokes his finest enthusiasm, and inspires his most golden prose.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Rochester, N. Y., February 12, 1917.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the New York "Nation" of November 30 appeared an article by Paul Elmer More entitled "Rabindranath Tagore" which contains the surprising statement that Mr. Tagore "is in essence everything that India philosophically and religiously was not." Let us ask who represent best the spirit of ancient India? We get our answer from the Sanserit ("Sadhana," p. 14). "They were the rishis. . . The rishis were they who having reached the supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the universe."

Compare with this Mr. More's definition of the rishis as "those seers who . . . called to mystic contemplation, made their life of solitary retirement a strenuous . . . discipline of will." The words "solitary retirement" are especially misleading, for as the seeker after truth grew in wisdom, there gathered about him a group of disciples or students, and his forest abode became the Asram, the seat of learning in ancient time.

If we ask, Who are the greatest personalities in India to-day? our answer is the same: they are the rishis. Many Americans know something about Mr. Tagore's school at Bolpur where on the Asram site chosen by his father, the Maharshi, the poet

has founded a school deliberately modelled after the ancient Asram. In an English newspaper, the "Statesman" of Calcutta for November 26, 1913, a writer describes his visit to the school as like the entrance "into a different world. . . . On every side there was a sense of peace and tranquillity. . . . We had read of the *asrama* of Rishis but we had not seen one before." More expressive of the spiritual influence of the central personality of this school is the story of the Hindu student who, when he was the victim of a terrible accident in this country, found in the song of his master peace and joy for an awful moment.

And all that Mr. More finds to say about this poet who teaches men to die heroically, is that he "is nice and he is pretty." Referring to the poem, "Fruit Gathering LXXXV," he severely decries in it "this effeminate feeling of defeat, this pacifistic waiting by the roadside and puddling in sentiment." Let me ask if there is anyone else who is blessed with a reading knowledge of English who does not perceive that this Song of the Defeated is a song of triumph? "For she is the bride whom he woos in secret"—could there be a greater triumph to a believer in God?

It is not as a representative of a defeated people that Mr. Tagore speaks. He sings of India, not India the weak and helpless, but India, the strong in faith. Across the world he sees the splendid nations in their death struggle, putting their trust in guns and dreadnoughts; and he sees India, suffering also, but putting her trust in God, the spiritual citadel of troubled times. Babylon has fallen, Greece and Rome have passed away, but India and China live on, immortal in their humanity and self-control.

It is a simple message that Mr. Tagore brings us—the age-old message of the East. It is better to keep one's own soul than to gain the whole world. It is better for a nation to keep its soul than to gain the whole world. In these days of bitterness and suffering, its stirring note is not to be drowned out by any sacrilegious chatter. America is testifying that out of the East a prophetic voice is sounding, and her heart vibrates responsively, as man's heart will ever vibrate, to his word of the triumph of the soul.

MAYCE FRIES SEYMOUR.

Urbana, Ill., February 10, 1917.

HODIERNAL FICTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Art's obituary contributed to the pages of the "Atlantic" by her undertaker, George Moore, is not the first expression which he has given to an opinion he has held for some time. He said the same thing before and said it better when he wrote, "Art must be parochial in the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end."

Fiction to-day, like religion, is harmed by a pernicious otherworldliness. We are always believing that "there's a land that is fairer than ours" and consequently letting our own remain less fair. But we are coming to see that the Here and Now is the matter we ought to have in hand.

Our fiction, if it is to live as literature, must be hodiernal.

The reason that fiction writers seek their inspiration in things that are neither of their world nor in their world is their fear of provincialism. Never was a virtue so abused as provincialism. If we only knew it the part of us that never fails to interest others is our local part. It is impossible to give actuality in any high degree to something that has not been actual in our experience. There is no time like our own day and generation. If we try to make another age live again, the fact remains that it is only imagined, not seen.

We all like to boast of our cosmopolitanism and to claim the wide world for our home. Ibsen's saying that he began life as a Norwegian, then became a Scandinavian, and lastly developed into a Humanitarian shows a spirit we should do well to emulate; but the point is that the secret of Ibsen's universal appeal lies not in his sweeping Humanitarianism, nor yet in his broad Scandinavianism, but in his narrow Norwegianism. He was the quintessence of his own little locality, the epitome of his section. The whole may be greater than its parts but it is never so interesting. Be a man of parts if you would be a living writer, should be the novelist's first commandment.

It was a keen appreciation of this truth that prompted Bernard Shaw to say that "the man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time. . . . The writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are not for an age but for all time has his reward in being unreadable in all ages."

The coming of the Great American Novel has been long awaited and often heralded. Not a few have even claimed its authorship. Yet the Great English Novel or the Great French Novel has not so much as been expected. No one novel could possibly reflect the whole of any nation's life. It is a harmful ambition and a wrong ideal to place before any writer. The more local his grasp the more national will be his reach. If he resorts to literary wayfaring, seeking material which he has not been brought up with, his provincialism will show itself at once. The way not to be provincial is to stay at home—in books and out. The "fatal germ of internationalism" which has killed art for Mr. Moore has but one antitoxin, provincialism.

BESSIE GRAHAM.

Philadelphia, Pa., February 16, 1917.

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY FOR 1916.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

"Birthrate's Apology for 1916," as I heard it called the other day, is the last word in poetical efficiency. It has its Table of Poems, Table of Poets, Table of Poetics, and Table of Contents. Many points, however, besides its convenience are to be rated in its favor. It is permanently, not to say handsomely, bound,—and calculated surely to outlive its usefulness.

As for the contents. There are in all about one hundred selected poems, the choice spirits of the

year. They are all good poems. There is really nothing the matter with any of them. They all embody yearnings. Which brings us to the real purpose of this letter.

Is sentiment to be the dominant note in all our American poetry? It seems so. Lately we have been swept by a wave of realism. It was a cold wave and it chilled. But it awakened us from slumber,—romantic slumber.

At the same time and probably part and parcel with realism came the Librists, the Prose-Poets, the Imagists, and Kreymborg. Kreymborg is something all by himself. To me he is the Anarchist Poet. Thus three things have come into our literary life—romance, and realism, and the still-born Imagism. When are we to have thought?

This is a bold question. You will find it skillfully avoided in literary circles. It is the unmentionable of poetries. Poetry and thought were divorced in the great Victorian era and it will take a greater era still to remarry them. If, however, we are to have no strain of logic in our verse, let us at least have real emotion, or real sentiment, or real beauty, or real something, even real realism.

How does it come that so much attention is devoted by our anthologist to the "Los Angeles Graphic" while the "Atlantic Monthly" is wholly overlooked? And why, speaking of neglect, if this be a record for 1916, does Mr. Braithwaite start his collection with the magazine issues of October, 1915—which often appear in the middle of August—and conclude it with the September number of 1916—a date editorially reached somewhere around July? Why does he so, unless it be to get his own book on the market for the new year—or maybe, let us in Christian charity suggest it, in time for the Christmas gift season?

It was a surprise and a shock to find, even in so complete a list of published poems as this one, that the most prolific writers among us have scarcely printed twenty poems in the magazines of America during the entire anthological year. No wonder the poet is proverbially poor,—even at fifty cents a line.

With great boldness from the select of the select I have chosen the following: "The Red Month," by James Oppenheim; "To No One in Particular," by Witter Bynner; "Dirge," by Adelaide Crapsey; "The Broken Field," by Sara Teasdale. We can dispose of the last; it has some thought and is not unskillfully expressed; but it shall not be called "distinctive." Let us place, then, these three poems of Mr. Oppenheim, Mr. Bynner, and Miss Crapsey in a little book all of their own. They are examples of word-music, thought, and emotion. Let us call the book, "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916."

MYRON ZOBEL.

Harvard University, February 13, 1917.

NOTES FROM JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The literary world of Japan has suffered a great loss in the death of Professor Natsume at the early age of 49. He was, perhaps, "the most noted writer of Japan," although that characterization

might be disputed by Yone Noguchi. He was unusually well informed in European, as well as Japanese and Chinese literature. One critic has said: "As a novelist and essayist he attained in the esteem of his countrymen a position higher than has ever yet been achieved by any writer of the modern school." He has been variously called "the Meredith of Japan," "the Dickens of Japan," "the Thackeray of Japan." He achieved unique fame in this land where ornamental titles are held in such high esteem and are much sought after, of declining the degree of "Doctor of Letters," which the government bestowed upon him! His first work, "Botchan," is one of his most famous, and is an "autobiography in novel form," like "David Copperfield." His masterpiece is entitled in Japanese "Waga Hai wa Neko de Aru," or in simple English, "I Am a Cat." It has been, in part at least, translated into English.

The Hon. Mrs. E. A. Gordon, of England, has been for many years an ardent student of Buddhism and has written much upon that subject, especially in its relation to Christianity. One of her works is called "Lotus Gospel" and discusses her theory of the same origin for both Christianity and Buddhism. In the course of her researches, she has accumulated a large amount of valuable material, in the form of books, manuscripts, pictures, etc. She recently left Japan to return to England, and, before she left, decided to contribute her valuable collection to Waseda University, to which she had already presented 300 volumes. The collection to be handed over is said to comprise 1400 books in foreign languages, 200 books in Japanese and Chinese, and 400 pictures and 200 photographs of Buddha. Mrs. Gordon was specially interested in pictures of Buddha; she is said to have copied many famous pictures and to have photographed others. In the course of her study, she visited almost all the famous temples of Japan.

A committee has been appointed in the Department of the Imperial Household to compile the poems written by the late Emperor Meiji Tenno. He is credited with over 100,000 verselets, as we might call the *tanka*, or 31 syllable poem. Another name is "epigram."

As the readers of THE DIAL have already been informed, the theme for the New Year's Poem this season was "Snow on a Distant Mountain." I append here two English verselets, of which the first was contributed to the "Japan Times" and the second to the "Japan Advertiser."

Look on the vast disquietude of Earth;
On blackened fields, by war shells swept and riven!
Then from these turmoil'd scenes,
Look out where Earth
Uplifts herself, arrayed in glistening white,
And silently
Holds communings with Heaven.

Eve of lowering sky:
Night of tempest, wind and rain:
Morn of radiant calm—
See! Mount Fuji's gleaming crest,
Storm-free, bears a crown of snow.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, January 5, 1917.

NEW IDEALS IN BUSINESS.

NEW IDEALS IN BUSINESS. By Ida M. Tarbell. (Macmillan Co.; \$1.75.)

AN APPROACH TO BUSINESS PROBLEMS. By A. W. Shaw. (Harvard University Press; \$2.)

AMERICA AND THE NEW EPOCH. By Charles P. Steinmetz. (Harper & Bros.; \$1.)

Mild English satirists like Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson tell us that business has become the American religion, with its own creed and its distinct evangelistic flavor of utterance. There is always a tendency for the successful to expand into a cult. And American business, more than any other activity, has had the glamour of success. Daring, swift, clean strokes of organizing and inventive genius brought their quick and exceeding great reward. The colossal booms, the mushroom growths of industrial plants, the expansion of trade, the sudden cataclysms, have touched American business with a sense of the miraculous. And now the original ruthless struggle for growth and survival has given place, with the integration of the big industries, to a milder era. The improvement of technique has been accompanied by a new idealism. Disdain for the public, when the hand of every business man was against every man, has changed into concern for the public's good will. A number of prophets have arisen to fortify and justify that sense of ubiquitous goodness which the business man of to-day seems to need around him as the fish needs water.

Of these prophets Miss Tarbell is one of the most industrious and comforting. She does not ask how far the new idealism has been forced by the pressure of government, by the fear of social unrest, by the desire for sweeter and subtler forms of control over the lives of the industrially subject classes. She accepts at its face value this new and anxious solicitude for the welfare of employees, for the conservation of their health and intelligence. She makes a wide sweep of industry, and strains out all the good intentions from the chaotic, elemental, pig-headed American industrial life that we see out of our car windows. These she presents to us with so evangelistic an ardor that our perspectives are quite destroyed. Her observation, she tells us, has been exhaustive, but one is skeptical about so unanimous a demonstration that American industry is finding the Golden Rule synonymous with business profits. An idealism must surely be false when it is most impressive for what it glaringly ignores. One of the unhappiest days of Miss Tarbell's life was the occasion when she appeared before the Industrial Relations Commission in New York, and had

her easy optimism remorselessly probed about the things she hadn't seen in those industrial communities that she had visited. Her method was "to see at their work all the men and women in a plant from those with the shovel or scrubbing brush to those in the head offices; to look at their conditions, to see them in their homes, to learn from their lips what they thought and felt about it all." But she brought away none of the impressions that disturb other idealists among us,—the subtle corrosion of the workers' power of self-defence through corporation philanthropy, the destruction of collective effort through scientific management. Anyone who heard Miss Tarbell's revealing testimony understood that she had gone out, not as a scientific investigator or even as an understanding idealist, but as a detective to find the Golden Rule. The matter of her personal sincerity is irrelevant. The fact is that the model workshops and houses, the safety and anti-alcohol crusades, the health insurance and pension schemes, the profit-sharing, education, scientific management that she found, she advertises to the glory of business and not to the glory of growing democracy and social responsibility. I do not mean to sneer at ideals in business. But I do insist that the value in reporting them must lie in a scrutiny whether such ideals are not inhibiting broader and more crucial visions. Is not this autocratic regimentation of the workers a handicap to democracy? Should not the workers' welfare be the concern of the community at large rather than of the individual corporation, to which it means only a more powerful instrument for control of the habits, ideals, attitudes of the worker, and for his ultimate feudalization? Miss Tarbell, as a prophet of enlightened capitalism, does not even pose this question. She therefore befuddles her idealism and is an intellectual darkener of counsel rather than a bringer of light.

One turns to the more appealing Mr. Shaw, editor of "System," lecturer on Business Policy in Harvard University, whose scheme of business idealism is scientific rather than evangelistic. For if American business has been a religion it is rapidly becoming a science. The business man approaches his problems of production, distribution, and management in the same spirit of analysis and experimentation as the chemist in his laboratory. Such an idealism is one of efficiency and integration. To the layman Mr. Shaw's analysis will seem very obvious, business science the most elementary of all techniques. If success in business is not the lot of all of the even moderately intelligent, it

must be because there are external factors over which one has no control. The particular approach which Mr. Shaw outlines seems lined only with the most truistic common sense. His science suggests the disquieting thought that American energy in its flood of enthusiasm and conviction has gone into a profession which makes little strain upon the intellect or imagination. It is not that ideals of efficiency and wastelessness are "low," it is that they are so easy. The effect of many more such books on "business science" would be to destroy all our sense of the peculiar mystery, genius, and arduousness of the enterprise. Our current American imagination might slip away and begin to fasten itself on the really intricate problems of personal and class relations. Welfare work, harmonious organization of labor force, Mr. Shaw sees rightly as part of the technique of efficiency. In our present industrial system it is far more fruitful to idealize the "betterment" forces in this way than in Miss Tarbell's prophetic strain. As long as we have our present class rule in industry, it will be healthier for the worker to be treated as an implement of production than as a laboratory for the working out of the Golden Rule.

If class rule passes in a socialist reorganization of industry, then these ideals of welfare and efficiency might both find their proper meaning. Welfare would become a series of minimum standards maintained by the industrial state impersonally for the benefit of all. Efficiency would become a spontaneously lived technique. Such a scheme Dr. Steinmetz presents. His vision of American social reconstruction is so magnificent and far-flung in its implications that it should challenge the attention of prophets, experts, and laymen alike. The discussion and appreciation which these ideas create will almost be a test of the intellectual vitality which American socialism has left in its bones. For Dr. Steinmetz has that rare and suggestive vision of the socialist who is at the same time a great inventive engineer and an active officer in one of our most advanced and successful industrial corporations. He is personally engaged in fashioning the corporation out of which he hopes the industrial state will be built. His socialism might be called a "corporation syndicalism," for what he outlines is a union of huge corporations into whose hands will be entrusted the productive work of the nation. The corporation type of organization has demonstrated its permanent administrative superiority over any form of political machinery. The state of the future must be built

out of the corporation rather than out of the present political organization. Politically organized, the nation would have only veto and referendum power over general policy. The dual state, with parallel industrial and political organization (which we already virtually have, though the relations are disguised and infinitely disordered), will be publicly recognized. A national organism, stable, flexible, effective, will be achieved where efficiency and democracy will at last strike their proper balance and undertake the functions they can best perform. It is a grandiose conception, and quite the most plausible of all the Utopias. America drives straight to such an ideal, and into it can be fitted all other business and political idealisms. Dr. Steinmetz turns prophet, too, and fears our slow decadence, in competition with the State socialism of Europe, unless we develop our polity toward this dual government. The new epoch will drive us hard. Our slow democracy, striving to throw chains of control over the embryo industrial state, must fail. The new epoch forces this corporation socialism upon us. Business ideals which are to be fruitful must point toward this goal.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

TRUE STORIES OF TURKEY.

STAMBOUL NIGHTS. By H. G. Dwight.
(Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.)

"The Leopard of the Sea," "His Beatitude," "The Golden Javelin," "The River of the Moon"—these are some of the titles with which Mr. H. G. Dwight intrigues the Western reader in his collection of Turkish stories. It should be said at once that the tales are every bit as good as their titles. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is that they are true—true from several points of view. In his foreword to the possible reader, the author chooses to acknowledge that many of them were "put on paper almost exactly as they were told me." However this may be about their main outlines,—and due allowance must, of course, be made for the author's modesty and his "almost,"—anyone who has lived in the Near East can testify that in phrase and descriptive detail the stories are strictly true to Levantine speech and custom and turn of thought. There was the ill-starred Leopard which on its strange voyage to Basra had the misfortune at one time to "sit" on the "floor of the sea." There is the assurance that the infamous Nousret Pasha, milk-brother of the Sultan and owner of the House of the Giraffe, preferred "a succulent

dish of 'The Imam Fainted' or 'It Pleased the Manslayer' to our European concoctions; also the quaint idiom of the gardener Shaban who, when asked by his master why he left his family in Albania instead of bringing them with him to Constantinople, replied: "*Wives, wives* — a man will not die if he does not see them every day."

But these stories and sketches are true in a more fundamental sense — true to human nature, by and large, as it emerges to-day, picturesquely, or tragically, or both, against the alluring background of the Near East. They have their philosophy which serves to lift them out of the class of the merely clever achievements of the alert correspondent. Mr. Dwight knows his local color so well that he also perceives its nicer relations to the whole color scheme of things, and it is thus that he reproduces it. Three tales, in particular, stand out in the volume as notable for their perfect orientation to their semi-Eastern themes and for the poignancy with which the strangeness of these themes is brought home to the Western reader. They are "The Leopard of the Sea," "The House of the Giraffe," and the final story of the series, "In a Pasha's Garden." The first of these has been dubbed a modern Turkish Odyssey. It is more Turkish than modern, I submit, in spite of its apparent date. The second, as one reads it, has all the excitement and bustle of a detective story, but much more than this remains when one puts it down. It is impossible to forget its two chief figures, Noursret Pasha, who began life as a wrestler on the Marmora and ended it as the Sultan's chief spy, and his more attractive, though if anything more inscrutable, servant Ali, blind and unwavering in his fidelity as only a Turk can be. But "In a Pasha's Garden" seems to conjure up the East most powerfully of all the stories in the book — it is *par excellence* a Stamboul night's entertainment.

Similar results Mr. Dwight obtains in other cases by means just the reverse. He delights in transplanting to the Oriental scene an American missionary or politician with a typically impervious or even hostile attitude toward the new environment. Thus we are enabled to see with much humor and no small profit the inevitable collision when West meets East. For example, there is an amazing jolt between Vermont and the Persian Gulf in the story called "The Regicide," which narrates the somewhat farcical adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Blakemore, who were oddly inspired to forsake Bennington for Basra. More serious and also more suggestive is "For the Faith," an account

of the peculiar relations between the Reverend Thomas Redding of Stamboul and a certain Yousouf Bey, slave-trader and would-be founder of a new Arab empire in Africa, in whom the good missionary was for a time constrained to see his first and long-awaited Mohammedan convert. But the most effective of the stories that fall in this group is undoubtedly "Mortmain." Herein another missionary, Horatio Bisbee of Iowa, in the process of erecting a mission house in Stamboul undergoes an involuntary initiation into the mysteries of the ancient capital of the Eastern Empire. I will not spoil this story — or any of the others in this rare collection — by attempting to retell it. I will only warn the prospective reader that after he has read them all through once, he will probably be inclined to pick up his "Stamboul Nights" and read his favorites over again. And long after that, he may find himself marvelling what manner of stories they were.

HELEN McAFEE.

LIFE ON THE VELD.

FROM THE HEART OF THE VELD. By Madeline Alston. (John Lane Co.; \$1.25.)

To see South Africa as Mrs. Alston sees it is to feel that tugging at the heart-strings that summons all who have ever been there any length of time to return and taste the life that only South Africa in all the world can give. Not all of us will quite agree with Mrs. Alston in all her judgments. In fact, few of us will, for we shall lack her generosity and her vision. Her statement, fearlessly expressed, that Lord Milner was the greatest statesman South Africa ever saw, for instance, may give several of us pause. But surely no man or woman can read her book to the end and lay it down without feeling he has enjoyed a privilege. It is as if one had called on her in that sunny garden that overflows into the wilderness around her rose-bowered home on the Swaziland border, and had listened while she talked and attended to the domestic duties that spell drudgery to so many women but to her are part of the art of living. "Life on the veld," she says, "is mostly work," and proceeds to prove it, yet knowing all the while that her real work is vastly greater than any the eye can see.

The book is really a series of essays, each one dealing with her daily life from a different aspect. She explains the comfort of the veld's loneliness, the charm of its freedom and wherein that freedom lies, its appeal to the imagination, and its wholesomeness (to some

people). There enters into one chapter a vulgar little woman from Johannesburg "who spoke of her gay life in the Golden City to us poor drudges of the veld," and of whom Mrs. Alston writes, "I would much rather have a hundred fat anti-British vrouws as my neighbors than one person with a mind like hers." To love the veld and not be overcome by it calls for character far stronger and higher than the ordinary, and a scorn of the shallower things of life.

There are chapters on Rhodesia, on the drought in Matabeleland, on South African towns, and — by no means least of all — on "going home," knowing that "in good time the veld will call us back again." There is an account of Milnerton — the bankrupt, unappreciated Milnerton — near enough to Cape Town to have been famous long ago, more peaceful now and beautiful than any seaside place in Africa. Through her eyes we see old Table Mountain at night with his sides afire, and that is a sight never to be forgotten. And we meet fat Dutch women who hate the British with the fanaticism of ignorance, yet who are neighborly enough once they are understood. And Mrs. Alston understands them.

Approach this book, then, deferentially as you would the lady herself among her dahlias, poinsettias, and hibiscus. You will find its author almost bewilderingly well-read; but she has slept too often under the stars with the dew of South Africa on her pillow not to know, to quote her own words, that "the world of books and of art and politics is of secondary importance, the woman question is an absurdity — these are not the real things of life." And she proceeds to remind us what most of the real things are.

But where, after all, the book's chief interest lies is in the light it throws, all unconsciously, on the fusion taking place in South Africa to-day as surely, though doubtless as leisurely, as the mingling of two rivers. Mrs. Alston seems totally unaware of it; in fact she regrets absence of any sign of it.

But the reader will find his memory wandering back through history to Norman days, when Norman nobles and their no less purposeful ladies strove with all that was in them to make England Norman, — finally to be swallowed up and become an ingredient of a nation that does not even bear their name.

Those who doubt the ultimate emergence of a united South Africa do so only because they view the country from the same angle from which the Normans once viewed England, — as Mrs. Alston frankly does. Yet the Taal

is no more uncouth to British tongues and ears than Saxon was to Norman; and no Boer yet lived who could more outrage a British lady's sense of the proprieties and chivalry than a Saxon gentleman could offend the ears and eyes and nose of the conqueror's wife of his day.

As a conqueror's wife, who has gloried in what seemed to be the fruits of conquest, and who has seen them snatched away by careless governments and trodden under foot by fools and worse, yet who still carries a high and faithful chin and writes of all she knows and loves and thinks and believes, without acrimony, — who can still, in fact, love South Africa and all in it while being faithful to her birthright, Mrs. Alston commands both respect and gratitude. Her book deserves to be bought and kept, not borrowed.

She leaves me with only one regret — one thing to cavil at, and I will therefore make the most of it. I emphatically assert that she ought not to have killed that toad. It is true, as she says, that many women have shot rhinoceroses but no woman could kill a toad, and she did not commit the crime in person but ordered it done by native servants. Nevertheless, as one who has lived more than a little in Africa, and has known by name and fondled toads that grew fat catching flies beside the lantern put in place expressly for them night after night, I here and now indict Mrs. Alston of the crime of murder, — only condoned in her case by the otherwise unblemished conduct of her life and by the great charm of her book.

TALBOT MUNDY.

THE POWER OF INTELLIGENCE.

ESSAYS IN EXPERIMENTAL LOGIC. By John Dewey. (Chicago University Press; \$1.75.)

In this book Professor Dewey assembles articles dating from 1900 to the current year. The first four papers constitute his contribution to the studies in logical theory which he published in collaboration with a number of colleagues at the University of Chicago. These mark the status and attitude of pragmatic thought toward the dominant position in philosophy at that time. The remaining articles follow the development of philosophy in America to the present date. In that development there has been a shift in the emphasis of thinking from the implications of idealism to the assumptions of realism, and Professor Dewey's book constitutes an admirable definition of the attitude of pragmatism toward both these metaphysical positions in philosophy.

The position of idealism is summed up in the assertion, "The world is my idea." The position of realism is summed up in the assertion, "The world is my spectacle." It has been the function of the pragmatic approach to philosophic problems to show against the idealist position that thought actually arises in situations over which it has no control, and that its rôle in the conduct of life is to achieve control over these situations. The world, far from being the mere creature of the mind, exists on its own account, influences the conduct of man and must either be mastered or lost. As against the assertion of realism, the pragmatist declares that the very facts of experience indicate a vital give-and-take in which facts are modified by thought as well as thought by facts. Scientific thinking consists in this give-and-take; and the more radically scientific the thought is, the more fully the changed meanings which the mind imposes upon its environment must be incorporated into the constitution of the environment. The fact is that both realist and idealist conceive the world in ultimate and static terms. They deny the reality of change, the interaction between thoughts and things, and they imagine that by shifting the seat of quality from things to the relations between things, or from relations to things, they solve the problems of change and abolish the reality of novelty.

The merit of pragmatism lies in its recognition of the character and significance of change, of the causal relationships that are possible between things and do actually operate between most of those that we are considering. Once these are realized, it becomes possible to define an actual working method which so describes the processes of achievement of which civilization is composed as to make it a programme for the further conquest of nature and the liberation of human nature. Civilization is really the working into the texture of our environment of all changed meanings. We live on the interest of our accumulated past. For every axiom began as a postulate and acquired its axiomatic certainty by dint of a struggle for survival with other ideas which were its peers in the beginning.

Perhaps the heart of the book is the demonstration of the importance of change, of the interaction between thoughts and things, of the significance of active thinking in the life of man, and his remaking of the world. It is a demonstration of the creative power of intelligence.

H. M. KALLEN.

STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS.

THE SHADOW EATER. By Benjamin De Casseres. (Albert and Charles Boni; \$1.)

JORDAN FARMS, AN EPIC IN HOMESPUN. By Frederick E. Pierce. (Yale University Press; \$1.)

THE QUEST. By John G. Neihardt. (The Macmillan Co.; \$1.25.)

A HIDDEN WELL. By Louis How. (Sherman, French and Co.; \$1.)

THE CYCLE'S RIM. By Olive Tilford Dargan. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.)

THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. (John Lane Co.; \$1.25.)

In turning over any random dozen of the verse books of the moment, one gets a rather painful sense of confusion. Free verse of the two chief varieties borders neatly chiselled sonnets as carefully wrought as any in Milton or Wordsworth. Pæans to the stark and undraped *libido* pursue verses of the most ascetic, nun-like purity. Verses in praise of skyscrapers and abattoirs are set down cheek by jowl with prettily polished pastorals. Lyrics of a pure ethereal beauty sparkle out suddenly from rubbish heaps of verse of an almost incredible badness.

Perhaps it has always been so. Bad poetry there must always have been, if only to serve as compost for the good. A fairly trustworthy test of the poetic vitality of any age may be found in the amount of bad poetry which it produces—and forgets. What really distinguishes our own time is the amount of bad poetry that gets into print. Once, the poet went forth like a solitary diver and moved about in the cool green depths of his mind and heart, painfully selecting and rejecting. At the end of a month he might—or might not—come back to men with a single pearl of purest ray serene. But now we go forth with mud scows and steam dredges and shovel up tons of slime and ooze and let the public burrow for its own jewels. Fortunate is the reviewer who finds in a dozen volumes six that are worth writing about, and doubly fortunate if he can assert with his hand over his heart that two of these six seem to him very good.

Mr. Benjamin De Casseres brings together in "The Shadow Eater" a group of verses in the mood of a dyspeptic Whitman. On the principle that nothing is so emphatically defunct as the fads of yesteryear, these verses make an impression of astonishing antiquity. Compared with Longfellow they are old-fashioned and bromidic; Felicia Hemans, compared with them, is fresh and youthful. All the old exploded diseases of the soul that Max Nordau took seriously, all the spiritual sores,

the puny blisters, the *enfant terrible* attitudinizing which our grandmothers gasped at in the French and German egoists of their day, are here exhumed and ranged anew for our inspection. But the gasp turned long ago into a yawn. Tom Sawyer could not go on forever muleting his playfellows of pennies and marbles by the exhibition of his sore toe. Those who have read Leopardi, Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Baudelaire, will find no novel shudder in this book. They will see another desperate man storming sternly, inexorably, against a Deity whose existence he has just denied. They will see him again, in a mollified mood, patting his God on the head, with a half surmise that he may himself be God. They will find the old familiar familiarity with the word "lust" and with the obstetrical metaphor. (Is the time not ripe, by the way, for a midwife's anthology?) They will find another verse maker who is determined at all costs to be astonishing—who, when sense palls, tries nonsense, and, that failing, tries capital letters. All this was good fun fifty years ago, but the wind of the poor jest is broken. The determination to cast off all shackles of convention is carried into orthography, so that beside such words, caviare to the general, as "adytum" and "lutescent," we have the spellings "wafir," "tapir" (not an animal), and "cozzen"! These spellings are the features of the book which one does not remember having met too frequently before.

Now and then a line attains epigrammatic value by its vigorous compression. Here, for example, is the pessimist's description of a human life: "The cry in the womb, the release, the hasty seud across earth, the thud in the Pit!"

Here is solipsism in a nutshell: "My soul is a fountain that balances the ball of the visible cosmos."

Here, again, is the "cosmic foot-pad's" word about Love, which, for reasons analogous to those which actuated Otto Weininger, he says he "rejects": "Love, that accouched every star in the blue, that with knout of desire sends the young worlds grunting round and round the senescent suns."

Old-fashioned in a very different way is Mr. Frederick E. Pierce's "Jordan Farms, An Epic in Homespun." This is a narrative in blank verse of the long-drawn-out failure of a New England farmer. The story is told in a manly way, with much true pathos, exact knowledge of the setting, and no humor. We are reminded so frequently in reading it of the moods, manners, and styles of earlier

poets who have used blank verse in narrative poetry that we forget the present poet in attending to the Professor of English Literature. The staple of the style is Wordsworthian—doubtless the best style available for the jog trot of narrative—set off by Tennysonian flourishes, with now and then an unmistakably Miltonic pedal point. It is nearly inevitable that in such work chiefly the weaknesses and mannerisms of the masters and not their high incommunicable virtues should be caught.

Professor Pierce fails as completely as Wordsworth at his worst to reconcile the demands of dialogue and natural speech with those of poetry. One hopes that he is doing less than justice to academic English in ascribing to one Professor Milner the words—the italics are my own:

Weary but faithful many a time he came
With gray head bowed, and weakening in his age;
And resting oftener than in sturdier years,
Would talk with me, each seated on our stone.

Faults of this sort are not explained away by the sub-title of the book. A main defect of the style is that it is so very far from "homespun." It is not woven out of home materials. Neither is it simple, sturdy, unpretentious. The method of narration, rather remotely analogous to that of "The Ring and the Book," is too devious and difficult to suit the tale. The story is disjointed and unemphatic and the scheme of family relationships is too complex to be easily unravelled and held in mind. Professor Pierce is at his best in descriptions of New England landscape.

Mr. John G. Neihardt brings together in "The Quest" those poems from his three earlier collections of lyrics which, "having been read widely, have won approval." The poems in the present volume are arranged "in accordance with the succession of attitudes toward life incident to growth out of the erotic period into manhood." This rare and commendable effort to secure unity through a progressive treatment of themes enables the reader to get a clear and interesting picture of the poet's mind and art such as no collection of scattered brilliants could have given. The long series of perfervid erotic poems is justified not only by the great intrinsic beauty of many of the individual pieces but by its outcome—the answer of manhood to the self-torturing egoism of adolescence in which such things as "The Shadow Eater" are written.

O many a night has seen my riot candles,
And heard the drunken revel of my feast,
Till dawn walked up the blue with burning sandals
And made me curse the east!

For my faith was the faith of dusk and riot,
The faith of fevered blood and selfish lust;
Until I learned that love is cool and quiet
And not akin to dust.

For once, as in Apocalyptic vision,
Above my smoking altars I could see
My god's face, veiless, ugly with derision —
The shameless, magnified, projected — *Me!*

And I have left my ancient fanes to crumble,
And I have hurled my false gods from the sky;
I wish to know the joy of being humble,
To build great Love an altar ere I die.

There is still abundant egoism in the poetry of Mr. Neihardt, but perhaps not more than he needs for his self-preservation as a poet in that prairie country in which he lives and sings. Out of the great corn land he has drawn the best of his poetry. His imagination is luxuriant with the wealth and sun-drowsy with the heat of those vast plains. The moulding touch of environment, making almost everywhere for beauty, normality, and strength, is evident in all his work. In a community preoccupied with almost anything but poetry, he was made to feel early in life the "sin of being different," but this has not led him to a vainglorious and romantic indulgence in that sin. He has not said, with the mock humility of Francis Thompson,

I hand 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is bread.

On the contrary, when he discovered himself "doomed to be poet forever," he "longed to be only a man," with the "cosmic curtains drawn." But this natural revolt has passed away and in the latter work we see the poet quite simply claiming his place among men, without timidity and without bluster. This is a triumph in the way of self-mastery almost as rare and difficult as any of Mr. Neihardt's triumphs in his art. As a consequence of it, we see the poet everywhere completing the man and the man strengthening the poet, so that in his wildest insurgency there is always a strong back-pull toward normality—a core of quiet at the cyclone's heart.

Poetry bubbles up for Mr. Neihardt out of the most casual, chance-met things. I rearrange four stanzas from his autobiographical "Poet's Town," a group of brilliant little lyrics that throb from end to end with a strange music and startle one broad awake with flaming metaphors.

Those were his fields Elysian:
With mystic eyes he saw
The sowers planting vision,
The reapers gleaning awe.

Sipper of ancient flagons,
Often the lonesome boy

Saw in the farmer's wagons
The chariots hurled at Troy.

Trundling in dust and thunder
They rumbled up and down,
Laden with princely plunder,
Loot of the tragic Town.

The weird, untempled Makers
Pulsed in the things he saw;
The wheat through its virile acres
Billowed the Song of Law.

Mr. Louis How's "A Hidden Well" shows two main influences at work—the poetry of John Donne and the art of painting. This verse is subtle, masculine, intellectual, concerned usually with the penumbra of thought and emotion. Mr. How stands away from his subject as a painter does, and for the same reasons. The mood is always critical, with a touch of austerity. Like an able fencer, this poet is agile, alert, always guarding his heart. It is natural, therefore, that he should do his best work in the sonnet. He gives us several examples of the Spenserian sonnet—a form which seems to be very slowly winning the recognition which it deserves. In the following "Epitaph for a German Soldier" one sees the main characteristics of the whole group of poems—crisp, unerring verse, directness of manner, strong and clear visualization, and the apparent impassivity of a man who really feels deeply.

He thought his country right and loved her well.
He marched a hundred miles on bleeding feet,
And crouched in puddles with a crust to eat,
A bloody crust that had a powder smell.
He sang to drown the roaring of a shell:
The vision in his eyes was very sweet,—
He saw a flower-bordered German street,—
And with a clean French bullet-wound he fell.
And those that loved him never are to know
If he was even shovelled in a trench,
Grotesque and grim who was their fair delight.
From that sweet seed but recollections grow . . .
Without a ray of hatred for the French,
He fought for what was wrong, but he was right.

In Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan's series of Shakespearean sonnets, "The Cycle's Rim," there is distinguished literary workmanship on every page. These poems are so close on the trail of a high beauty and of a deep and memorable wisdom that one is drawn back to them again and again with a self-condemnatory feeling that there must be more in them than he has been able to get out. I remember having had that feeling, years ago, with regard to the poetry of George Meredith, and I know now that my self-condemnation was just. In these poems of Mrs. Dargan's, beyond a doubt, there is the authentic manner in which great work has been accomplished. Here, unquestionably, is a fine talent working with a skilful though not a finished technique

upon an ample, compelling theme, of universal human interest. And yet . . .

The sonnets are dedicated "To One Drowned at Sea." The first twenty-nine deal with the birth, growth, and declaration of love. In the thirtieth we learn of the death of the lover. From this point on, the movement is not unlike that of "In Memoriam." The first blind stupor of grief is gradually healed by the beauty of Nature and by the sight of places hallowed by memories of the past. This brings a sense of communion with love stronger even than that of old and a new realization of the beauty and richness of life. But the mourner stops short, it would seem, with Nature, and is not brought, as in Tennyson's poem, to renewed and increased sympathy with mankind. In the thirteenth sonnet occurs the line, "I've built my Love a cabin on the cliffs." There it remains to the end. The mourner does not learn in the catharsis of sorrow that "Love is of the valley" but goes on forever "folding the world away, a weary book." For this reason the cycle is on a much lower ethical plane than Tennyson's poem, which has its splendid climax in the line "I will not shut me from my kind."

Mrs. Dargan does not justify her choice of the Shakespearean sonnet by achieving greater ease and fluency than are commonly found in the stricter forms. Scarcely a quatrain is to be found unmarred by awkward inversions and wrenching of normal prose order or by the omission of articles and prepositions. This is partly due, apparently, to her somewhat timorous syllable counting and avoidance of elision. She prefers, for example, the ungainly phrase "on arrow feet" to the swifter, simpler, easier "on arrowy feet." In reading such lines as

The clammy shade
Of forest doubts clings now like faith that fills
Cathedral air when holy touch is laid
On saintly kneelers,

one cries out for a few particles, if only to loosen the line, make it flow, break the monotonous metronomic iambi. Also, as so frequently in reading these sonnets, one cries out for a glimmer of meaning. Apparently, to hazard a rash guess, we should be learning something in this passage about "doubts." But what we should think about "doubts," whether we should think about them at all,—these are matters hopelessly obscured by a swarm of images whose chief function should have been to clarify and illumine. The thought is clogged by blind and bottomless metaphors as the lines are impeded by clattering consonants and rigid syllable counting.

This is not the obscurity legitimate in, if not necessary to, all high lyric utterance. If we may for a moment compare this right and needful obscurity to a beautiful musical theme, which may mean many things to many minds, then the sort of obscurity that we have before us will be like the cacophany that results from the sudden striking of all the keys in the octave at one,—a sound that can scarcely mean anything to any mind.

Finally, if these poems have but little music and scarcely a single direct and piercing natural cry, they are sown from end to end with lovely phrases. In the very first sonnet we learn what we have to expect in this kind.

Deep lies thy body, jewel of the sea,
Locked down with wave on wave. Pearl-drift among
The coral towers.

If thou would'st choose be gone,
What sea-charm then could stay thee, bid thee lie
Too deep for cock-crow earth or heaven's dawn?

I have shown this latter passage to several persons—among them, Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. Bliss Carman. All were delighted with the beautiful phrase "lie too deep for cock-crow." But then they saw that "cock-crow" is apparently intended as an adjective modifying "earth" and they were perplexed—as I have been, not only about this phrase but about the entire beautiful disappointing book in which it appears.

The most pleasing and satisfying volume in this group, all things considered, is "The Lamp of Poor Souls" by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. Most of these poems appeared in Miss Pickthall's earlier collection, "A Drift of Pinions," which was far less read in the United States than it deserved to be. Here is another name to be added to the long list of Canadian poets of the last twenty years. In music and magic of line, in range and delicacy of imagination, Miss Pickthall yields to none. The rarest and finest thing about her poems is their strong clear music. Sheer beauty—"about the best thing God invents" or lets his children discover—is here in abundance. It should be said that the singing line is notably absent in all the other books I have mentioned, and this, to one who believes that whatever else a poet may do, he *must* sing, is a sad commentary.

The themes and materials of these poems are as various as the forms. They are drawn from many sources—Greek, Hebrew, Japanese, Irish, French, Canadian, English. The chief sources of literary inspiration seem to have been the works of Swinburne and of Bliss Carman.

ODELL SHEPARD.

ADVENTURES IN THE THEATRE.

PLAY PRODUCTION IN AMERICA. By Arthur Edwin Krows. (Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.)

WAR. By Michael Artzibashef. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.)

MOLOCH. By Beulah Marie Dix. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.)

MORAL. By Ludwig Thoma. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.)

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL. By Nicolay Gogol. (Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.)

LA PECADORA. By Angel Guimera. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.)

RESPONSIBILITIES. By William Butler Yeats. (The Macmillan Co.; \$1.25.)

THE STORY OF ELEUSIS. By Louis V. Ledoux. (The Macmillan Co.; \$1.25.)

FOUR SHORT PLAYS. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. (Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25.)

READ-ALoud PLAYS. By Horace Holley. (Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.)

JOHN WEBSTER AND THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By Rupert Brooke. (John Lane Co.; \$1.50.)

There are just two classes of people who have any illusions about the importance of the American theatre: those who are so closely identified with it that they are blinded by its mechanism; and the great unthinking public who find it fairly entertaining and know nothing better. One of the former, Mr. Arthur Edwin Krows, has written a book, "Play Production in America," for the enlightenment of the latter, and unless there is a protest from those of us who are in the theatre, but not of it (and who, for that reason, know its shortcomings and its comparative futility), Mr. Krows and his book and the theatre he analyzes will probably be accepted without question by the audience for whom he has written.

In reality, the American theatre has lost its soul in trying to perfect the mechanism through which to express its soul, and no better proof of that fact can be cited than this volume by Mr. Krows. Like all youthful manifestations of the creative impulse, our theatre has not lacked the imaginative flame, but it has smothered the glow in meddlesome circumstance until most people, like Mr. Krows, mistake the momentary warmth and flicker of the busybody for the fire of the artist. In trying to fashion easy, elaborate, and, above all, profitable channels in which the artist might work, our theatre failed to notice that the artist has tired of awaiting the completion of this fussily comfortable structure and has gone off by himself to work simply and with struggle and sacrifice, but with the freedom without which there can be no art.

It is both amusing and pathetic to see a man pore laboriously over an impossible

puzzle, and it is with something of these conflicting but not inhibitory feelings that we read this chronicle of a play on its way from the dramatist to the audience. In fact, I kept wondering, through each page and each chapter, whether Mr. Krows wouldn't wake up to the humor and the pathos of the situation, turn roundly upon the mass of puttering detail and smothering red-tape with which our theatre is burdened, and passionately demand a broom to sweep it all away and build anew. Surely all this ceremony regarding the intricate processes of production; these profundities doled out to the tasks of the play broker, the play doctor, the scene painter, the stage manager, the electrician, the actor, and the press agent: these painstaking diagrams of all the crafts of the theatre, must be some huge Gilbertian joke, some mountain of satire, like "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which Mr. Krows would pull down with sardonic glee in the last chapter or in an epilogue, as Mr. Cohan did in his play. Instead, he seems sublimely satisfied, pushing his patient pen to the end, and never looking up to see whether his history is not already out of date and belied by the dawn of another day.

For another day is dawning. Little theatres and community theatres and experimental theatres are not springing up all over this country for nothing. Among the many more or less conscious motives of these institutions, is the desire to get at the heart of this thing called the theatre, ignoring the pretentious and officious rigmarole that makes the production of a play on Broadway so costly, and, with all its cost, still so uncertain. Mr. Krows can write the "New Art" of the theatre in quotation marks a while longer. He can sneer at Gordon Craig and find Brander Matthews and leering Broadway managers to applaud him. He can garble the description of Fortuny lighting until Fortuny is more widely known in this country than he is to-day. But he can ill afford to devote a patronizing half-page to the entire revolutionary movement in the American theatre. And he can hardly expect to pass muster when he lets such glaring errors run riot in his pages as when he refers to the British woman playwright and author's agent, Golding Bright, as a man.

Mr. Krows's book is of the same piece and viewpoint as David Belasco's recent stupid attack on the Little and Community theatres. It is of the type that will not learn, that cannot grow, and that worships that which is, only a little less than that which has been. Mr. Krows and Mr. Belasco are like the stodgy parent who has built a stiff and stately mansion and then wonders why his young son

Billy would rather play in Tommy Brown's old barn down the street.

It is a relief to turn to plays that have found their way into print. That is an interesting series which Mr. Alfred A. Knopf has started under the group title, "Borzoï Plays." Starting with "War," the relentlessly grim picture of the toll of battle on those at home, by the Russian Artzibashef, the series now includes Beulah Marie Dix's "Moloch," Ludwig Thoma's "Moral," and Nicolay Gogol's "The Inspector-General." The Russian and the American plays born of the world conflict are physically as close and spiritually as far apart as the opposing trenches. "War" plies no thesis, twists no facts, dangles no puppets. "Moloch" is hopelessly a preachment,—propaganda in the theatre at its worst. "War" gets its tremendous effects by contrasting the humdrum of life before the struggle with the humdrum of life after the blow has fallen, while "Moloch" shrieks and shrieks and shrieks, until you become hoarse listening.

The other two translated plays are admirable of their kind. Thoma's "Moral" is social satire in dramatic form, unpretentious but incisive, not great drama, but good theatre. It would hardly do for an American audience because of our inability to understand why the investigation of the case and the house and the guests of Ninon de Hauteville, lady of leisure, should be dropped when the mysterious visitor on the night of the raid turns out to be the prince of the realm. Gogol's famous play, now translated adequately for the first time, deserves its unchallenged favor for three-quarters of a century as the greatest Russian comedy. It is theatrical, it is obvious—this mad tale of grafting Russian officials, and of a penniless spendthrift traveller, who is mistaken for the inspector-general and fêted and bribed to the capacity of his pockets. But it is irresistible fun. Those who are unused to reading plays and imagining their action may wonder at its fame, for four-fifths of the flare of "The Inspector-General" refuses to be caught on the printed page. Without the change of a line or a character, it should act in our theatre like the farce hit of the year.

Another play from abroad that has indisputable merit, is "La Pecadora" ("Daniela"), from the Spanish of Angel Guimera. Wallace Gillpatrick has translated "La Pecadora" and has brought over into English most if not all of the hot and fluid passion of the original. Guimera is already known among us for his "Marta of the Lowlands" and "Maria Rosa," and the new play is worthy of the curiosity aroused by its predecessors. For acting purposes, at least with us, some of the scenes,

notably the first half of the first act, would have to be condensed, but it makes easier reading as it stands, affording the opportunity to come slowly and surely under the spell of the emotions and the sensibilities of another race. Still another note from abroad is the new version of "The Hour Glass," which the Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, has included in a new volume of verse, "Responsibilities." Of all living playwrights, Mr. Yeats loves most to tinker with his past works, and this time it is a case of satisfying his own soul by altering the action of his philosopher!

American plays are not so heartening. "The Story of Eleusis," a lyrical drama by Mr. Ledoux, may be lyrical, but it is hardly drama, even by the broadest and most lenient definition of drama. How these musical, if not deeply passionate, bits of song, strung together by dull and monotonous stretches, could be made effective in a theatre passes belief. Mr. Ledoux is only one more singer who must learn sooner or later, along with Edgar Lee Masters and the rest, that Greek themes have been done and done forever, and that we have themes of our own crying for discovery by our poets and our playwrights. Mr. Nirdlinger has taken American themes, such as they are, for his "Four Short Plays," but he isn't a poet nor even a good playwright. Here is provender for vaudeville and probably for unimaginative amateurs, but it is all artificial and insincere hack work. Mr. Holley has done far better in his "Read-Aloud Plays," a curious little volume of dramatic interludes, some of which create and sustain a genuine atmospheric moment, while others seem too determined to prove a point. Nothing in the volume is better than the opening sketch, "Her Happiness," while "The Incompatibles" is a kind of gauche Schnitzler. There are moments in the others, too, and there is no reason why some of the plays shouldn't reach the stage in spite of the author's intention merely to have them read.

It is an even greater relief to turn to Rupert Brooke's "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama," an essay with which the late British poet won his fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1913. For two years we have known what the world of poetry lost in the death of Brooke. Now we know how the world of criticism has been despoiled. A few weeks ago Miss Laurette Taylor said: "It would be a shame for anyone to be a critic when he might be a poet." But there doesn't seem to be anything to prevent one from being both. One can't be a poet all the time—at least, not a great poet. Mr. Masters's frequent lapses prove that. And a critic can't criticize all the time. Besides, true criticism demands vision

and imagination and insight just as much as poetry. That Brooke had all these qualities in his verse has only made keener his loss. That he knew how to apply these same qualities to literary criticism is apparent in many pages from this often matter-of-fact essay. His genius as a critic was here in the bud—a genius that evidently called for greater maturity than his poetry. But where it does break through, it is unmistakable. The chapter on the "Elizabethan Drama" is the most vivid, most original, and most thrilling addition in years to a long and distinguished body of comment.

Speaking of Kyd and Marlowe, he says:

To say that they grafted the energy of popular tragedy on the form of classical, would be to wrong by a soft metaphor their bloody and vital violence. It was rather as if a man should dash two dead babies together into one strident and living being.

Of the romantic comedies preceding 1600, he writes:

Neither in themselves, nor as a sign of the taste of the times, have they much value. Occasionally they achieve a sort of prettiness, the charm of a stage-spring or an Academy allegory of youth. And Shakespeare threw a pink magic over them. But it should be left to girls' schools to think that the comedies he obligingly tossed off exist in the same universe with his later tragedies. The whole stuff of this kind of play—disguises, sentimentality, girls in boys' clothes, southern romance—was very thin. It might, perhaps, under different circumstances, have been worked up into exquisite, light, half-passionate comedy of a limited kind. It did not achieve even this success.

And then, characterizing the period, 1600-10, the height of the Elizabethan epoch, he writes:

Intellect was pressed into the service of the emotions, and the emotions were beaten into fantastic figures by the intellect. The nature of man became suddenly complex, and grew bitter at its own complexity. The lust of fame and the desire for immortality were racked by a perverse hunger for only oblivion; and the consummation of human love was observed to take place within the bright, black walls of a flea. It seemed as though all thought and all the arts at this time became almost incoherent with the strain of an inhuman energy within them, and a Titanic reaching for impossible ends. Poetry strove to adumbrate infinity, or, finding mysticism too mild, to take the most secret Kingdom of Heaven by storm. Imagination, seeking arcane mysteries, would startle the soul from its lair by unthinkable paradoxes. Madness was curiously explored, and all the doubtful coasts between delirium and sanity. The exultations of living were re-invigorated by the strength of a passionate pessimism; for even skepticism in that age was fecund and vigorous, and rejoiced in the whirling gloom it threw over life. The mind, intricately considering its extraordinary prison of flesh, pondered long on the exquisite transiency of the height of love and the long decomposition that death brings. The most gigantic crimes and vices were noised, and lashed immediately by satire, with the too-furious passion of the flagellant. For Satire flourishes, with Tragedy, at such times. The draperies of refinement and her smug hierarchy were torn away from the world, and Truth held sway there with his terrific court of morbidity, skepticism, despair, and

life. The veils of romanticism were stripped away: Tragedy and Farce stood out, for men to shudder or to roar.

That, of course, is criticism impassioned with poetic insight. What might not that insight have done in interpreting Russia and in kindling and leading the British and American literary renaissance after the war!

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

A NEW LEGEND OF LEONARDO.

LEONARDO DA VINCI: A Psychosexual Study of an Infantile Reminiscence. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.)

Psycho-analysis, originating in the study of the morbid, and developing into a comprehensive explanation of wit and dreams and all the unintentional movements of every-day life, is now fairly on the way to become also a theory of genius and a philosophy of art. The *Œdipus* story, for instance, has long been regarded as a type of complex, a type appearing in such unsuspected places as Shakespeare's "Hamlet." (See "The *Œdipus*-Complex as an Explanation of Hamlet's Mystery: A Study in Motive," by Ernest Jones. "American Journal of Psychology," 1910.) Professor Freud illustrates the method of psycho-analysis with even more daring in a striking study of Leonardo da Vinci and his mysteriously smiling feminine beauties.

The method is briefly this: the subject unconsciously reveals his suppressed desire by an apparently innocent act or word or dream; the unintentional confession has biological or racial significance, analogies to it being found in mythology and popular superstition; and the suppression of the desire is shown to be the one essential determining influence in the whole career and achievement of the subject. The complete and circumstantial array of evidence makes the argument seem formidable as well as astonishing.

Inasmuch as the psycho-analyst always finds the sex motive in some form the fundamental and pervasive influence in a personality, Leonardo with his reputation for purity would seem unpromising material, especially in view of the meagre records of his emotional development. But for Professor Freud only one clue was needed, and that was furnished by this innocent note in Leonardo's papers: "It seems that it had been destined before that I should occupy myself so thoroughly with the vulture, for it comes to my mind as a very early memory, when I was still in the cradle, a vulture came down to me, he opened

my mouth with his tail and struck me a few times with his tail against my lips."

A little reflection suggests that this strange infantile memory is an erotic recollection of his nursing days, and that the vulture was really his mother. But the question arises as to the reason for this substitution of a vulture for his mother. "A thought now obtrudes itself which seems so remote that one is tempted to ignore it. In the sacred hieroglyphics of the old Egyptians the mother is represented by the picture of the vulture." The Egyptians also worshipped a "motherly deity" with a vulture-like head, called *Mut*. "We may question whether the sound similarity [*sic!*] to our word mother (*Mutter*) is only accidental." We have still to establish a connection, in an age before hieroglyphics were understood, between Leonardo and the Egyptian goddess. This, however, is not so difficult as it appears. From such Greek and Latin writers as Strabo, Plutarch, Ammianus Marcellus, Horapollon Nilus, and Hermes Trismegistus, we learn that the vulture was a symbol of motherhood. "Unexpectedly we have now reached a point where we can take something as quite probable which only shortly before we had to reject as absurd." Leonardo being an omnivorous reader, it was quite possible that he should have been acquainted with the Egyptian fable. Among the books he read "there was no lack of older as well as contemporary works treating of natural history. All these books were already in print at that time."

It may be worth pausing in this hasty argument to remark that, with the exception of Plutarch's "Lives" and one or two fragments, the books mentioned by Professor Freud as possible sources for Leonardo's vulture were not in print. The earliest printing of any of them was the *editio princeps* of Strabo, published in Venice in 1516, when Leonardo was in France in his sixty-fourth year. Moreover, Professor Freud's assumption that Leonardo was an assiduous reader of the Church Fathers at a time when few among the Church Fathers were widely read even by ecclesiastics, is highly improbable.

To resume the argument, it is further noticeable that the vulture of Leonardo's phantasy was, like the Egyptian goddess, androgynous, and that "the nursing at the mother's breast was transformed into being nursed, that is into a passive act which thus gives the situation an undoubted homosexual character." Being an illegitimate child, Leonardo very probably passed his early infancy with his mother. The absence of the father in this critical period of the develop-

ment of the boy is significant. We are led to believe in "a causal connection between Leonardo's childhood relations to his mother and the later manifest, if only ideal, homosexuality" which Professor Freud thinks that Leonardo showed.

This bold statement of the theory of Leonardo's emotional development and nature is supported by a multitude of corroborative evidences, each of which, perhaps, is incapable of proof, but "can lay claim to so many inner probabilities, it agrees so well with everything we know besides about Leonardo's emotional activity that I cannot refrain from accepting it as correct." One of these details is too important not to be mentioned here. Leonardo, as is well known, did notable work in investigating the principle of flight in birds, and he prophesied human aviation. But his interest was only a concealed Freudian wish. Children whose sexual curiosity is aroused dream of flying. "Thus aviation, which has attained its aim in our times, has also its infantile erotic roots."

How does this research help to explain Leonardo's marvellous paintings of women? The artist was, according to the theory, incapable of loving any woman but his mother, and one might have expected that the imaginative and intellectual character reflected in his painting and his scientific study was determined by this detachment. But such an explanation would be too much in terms of the mental. Professor Freud thinks that "the laughing women were nothing else but reproductions of Caterina, his mother, and we are beginning to have an inkling of the possibility that his mother possessed that mysterious smile which he lost, and which fascinated him so much when he found it again in the Florentine lady."

As an illustration of the psycho-analytic method, this ingenious theory, tenuously drawn, with frequent disregard for probability, and leading to such meagre results, is not profoundly impressive. It is too much of an attempt to explain a personality in terms of the reflexes of the spinal nerve centre. As an interpretation of the Mona Lisa it is futile to say that she is nothing else but the reproduction of his mother by a homosexual artist; she was not painted so blindly, so instinctively as that. Let us turn to Pater's familiar words: "Set it a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed!" We begin to understand the creative ardor in the mind of the painter who was ever curious and active, both

mentally and emotionally,—a child of the Italian Renaissance, but who contemplated from afar the perfect serenity of the ancients—*defuit una mihi symmetria prisca*. And if one wishes to know what truth is clouded in this “psychosexual investigation,” in which an intellectual and artistic career is represented as a “sublimated” erotic gratification, he may perhaps find it in the human and imaginative words of Leonardo himself: *Cosa bella mortal passa e non l'arte*—fair humanity passes; art endures.

LOUIS I. BREDVOLD.

RECENT FICTION.

AFRAID. By Sidney Dark. (John Lane Co.; \$1.35.)

THE THOROUGHbred. By Henry Kitchell Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.35.)

THE BEETLE. By Richard Marsh. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.)

“I am seeking only to face realities, and to face them without soft concealments.” These were the words of President Wilson not very long ago, and they won a quick response in the hearts of many people, though some of the responders have passed unpleasant hours since. To seek realities and to face them without soft concealments has long been one of the aims in the world of art, and especially among the writers of novels. In my way of thinking such novels are best worth reading. True, there are times when we may well forget that there are such things as realities. And even remembering that there are realities, we may sometimes take an innocent pleasure or a decent satisfaction in seeing them softly concealed. But the spirit of our day leads us to think that, in the long run, the facing of reality is the finer thing.

So thinks, I should say, Mr. Sidney Dark, who has written “*Afraid*.” Not that he is what is called a “realist,” but we need not bother much with such ticketings nowadays. Mr. Dark has an idea which he wishes to present as it is, without the concealments with which it is often surrounded. That idea may, perhaps, be guessed from his title. Jasper Sedley lacked courage; at least as that quality is usually thought of. I confess, to begin with, that I do not like the idea of a man, or a woman either, who lacks courage; but perhaps that is because I do not think of courage as being merely that power of self-assertion, physical or moral, which is very apt to be without fear or timidity or any other self-distrusting quality. Mr. Dark, however, has a somewhat similar view and so I got on with

his story better than I thought I should. His central figure, Jasper Sedley, as a boy lacked physical courage and even as a man was constitutionally unable in many cases to do what he wanted to do, because he was afraid of the consequences.

The true coinage is to accept yourself,—in so far as you are sure you are worth acceptance. To be oneself, to live one's life, to insist upon one's own individuality, personality, or originality,—these are familiar ideas nowadays, and too often they degenerate in practice into the old-fashioned “doing as one likes.” Sedley, with all his failure in physical courage, did not, at first, succeed in trusting to his own moral nature. He accepted himself at first because he felt unable to do anything else, and in time, it would seem, because he almost enjoyed not being what others were. It is, of course, Mr. Dark's idea that he worked out something better.

Given some such idea, how should one present it? There are many soft concealments in art even when one has no desire for them. Mr. Dark, if I may trust a first impression, relies too much on vague sentiment and too little on creative imagination. Real as may be his idea, I feel a lack of reality in the way he presents it. His people are too much the characters needed to enforce his idea, too little actual personalities with whom Jasper Sedley chanced to come in contact. Their talk is too much the thing needed by the development of the idea, too little the natural expression of the feelings they may have had. Mr. Dark explains a good many things which, it would seem, should have been implicit in his people's act and thought. More important than all this, the final event seems suggested by sentiment rather than a knowledge of what life actually is.

Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster has so often qualified as an expert that one needs hardly to explain what he can, and what he cannot, do. He has not till lately included the effort to face realities. In “*The Real Adventure*” he appeared to be doing so, but I did not think he succeeded entirely. “*The Thoroughbred*” is a slighter rendering of a similar idea. In his book of last year, it will be remembered, Mr. Webster presented the view that people would get on better in marriage if they recognized that each had a right to be somebody worth while. Rose Aldrich left her husband because she wanted to make something of herself. Celia Blair does not find it necessary to leave her husband. Her husband having lost his money, there came an impassable barrier in their easy and luxurious early married life. Their relations had become such that Alfred

thought that what she would naturally do (and the best thing to do, on the whole), would be to go back to her father and mother and live comfortably while he made an effort to win back enough to go on as they had gone before. She surprised him by realizing what married life should be, by insisting that they could live together on anything, and also by managing to do it. This is a good idea, as good as that of "The Real Adventure." If people do live together as Celia and Alfred Blair lived, it is probable that a course of living in three small rooms on a small salary would be very good for them. A year or so ago there was a similar pair in another novel, and in that case the man carried his family off and they all lived in a cave for a year. Mr. Webster's couple did not live in a cave, but the principle (and the result) was the same. Few will quarrel with Mr. Webster's doctrine. But if his doctrine be sound, why admit the dubious in the demonstration? Celia Blair may have been a thoroughbred, but the story of her proceedings is by no means as thorough even as that of her predecessor. I cannot pretend to know what can be done in furnishing a flat and living on twenty-two dollars and a half a week, but I am unreasonably incredulous of Celia's exploits. I am still more incredulous about Alfred. If a month or so after utter failure he could jump from twenty-two-fifty a week to twenty thousand a year, he must have had a very mercurial disposition to be led ever to imagine that he was down and out. The whole thing seems too easy; there is too much of the superman about it. Alfred Blair must have had the square jaw, so sure a mark to-day of the man who can do big things. One feels that this is the kind of story that grandma tells the children when she thinks that adorning a tale will also point a moral. It is perhaps ungrateful to keep demanding more of Mr. Webster than he may choose to give. Or perhaps it is not choice; perhaps he is by nature unable to see things as they really are; perhaps he really does see them in a slightly iridescent mirage. But I do not think that is the case. I think Mr. Webster could face realities as well as anyone. I think he could write good novels even if he imitated Margaret Fuller and accepted the universe. They would be harder to criticize than those he writes now, but I am sure I, for one, should like them better, though I fear that others in his present audience would not.

There is no question of facing realities in "The Beetle," whether with soft concealments or without. "The Beetle" reminds me of a remark which I saw quoted the other day by

Mr. Christian Brinton in writing of the paintings of Zuloaga. "La nature, c'est le prétexte; l'art est le but." What more than a pretext can it be when a down-and-out gets into a dark and deserted house and there finds himself in the presence of a disgusting but compelling personality in bed, who forces him to strip naked and then go forth on a mad errand clothed only in a cloak? Can such things be? All will answer that it is of no manner of importance whether they can or not. One expects from such a book to sup full with horrors, not on bread and cheese or even on welsh rarebit and mince pie. The realistic situation is but the pretext; the real aim is, — shall we say, art or merely thrills?

Mr. Marsh probably troubled himself very little as to which it might be. He calls his story a mystery, and although he provides a starting-point with a very realistic setting, and a wind-up with a sufficiently plausible explanation, he evidently attaches little importance to either, nor will the reader. Once started we proceed with a most extravagant tale in which a brilliant and rising politician, a remarkable scientist and ornament of high society, an attractive daughter of an old conservative, and an amateur detective are twisted about in a film-like combination of astonishing circumstances, in which we have a confusion of Eastern magic, modern science, plain clamminess, and logical deductions, that leaves us no time to think.

There will be those who would like to have a little more reality as they go on. Certainly the characters are rather puppet-like and their conversation often reminds one of the fiction of a hundred years ago. Perhaps the mind that likes to imagine a complicated web of extraordinary excitement is really unable to imagine actual men and women with sufficient vividness to give us much of an impression of them. Even the creation of actual men and women, acting and talking as people actually do act and talk, seems a little tame when it gets mixed up with mesmerism and magic, with having a great beetle come climbing up you while you are in bed or a visitor vanishing while you are talking to him. So with the reader; perhaps the reader who follows intently the dreadful possibilities of having a person whom he likes subjected to nameless atrocities and then sacrificed to the Goddess Isis, could not appreciate the stolidity and even stupidity of actual people living from day to day. One's mind, perhaps, takes in only just so much. Still, I believe I could take in more than Mr. Marsh seems to think I could.

Is it a purely critical affectation to feel that these books are not good because they lack reality, because they do not try to convey the impression of life, but are content to give an idea or to tell a story? What does it matter, one may say, if you have a good idea like Mr. Dark's, or a good story like Mr. Marsh's, or both like Mr. Webster's,—what does it matter if the characters be not absolutely like life, the conversations not very natural, the general impression not much like that of the actual world in which we live? The story is the thing, after all,—or the idea is the thing. Is it a dry-as-dust pedantry that says the idea is good or the story is good, but that the book is not good from the critical standpoint? I think not,—naturally. Of course there are times when anybody may like to read a good thriller like "The Beetle," a pretty fairy-story like "The Thoroughbred," a bit of sentimentality like "Afraid." But from no critical standpoint, from the standpoint merely of common sense, I can see a considerable bar to anything further. There is an often-quoted remark of Bentley's about Pope's translation of Homer: "A very pretty poem, but you mustn't call it Homer." Bentley was a great student of Greek, but he probably did not know more of Homer than most of us know of life. And when we say, "A very pretty story, but you mustn't call it life," there creeps into your enjoyment a feeling that is better away.

EDWARD E. HALE.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION.

The old story about a man, his ward, and the other man, is the theme of "Possession," by Olive Wadsley (Dodd, Mead; \$1.35). Valérie Sarton, an enchanting, fair-haired waif, was deserted in London by a self-indulgent parent and adopted perforce by the penniless Blaise Barewski, who took her to live with a genial French landlady down an alley-way off Shaftesbury Avenue. During the years that followed, until her eighteenth birthday, Blaise supported her and cared for her with the devotion of elder brother and mother combined. Then he discovered that he loved her, and upon the discovery sent her off to school in Paris. All this is charmingly described; the earlier part of the book marks its writer as one of more than average talent and imagination. Valérie's first romance and her tragic disillusionment are related with equal poignancy. But Valérie deserted, spurning her lover, yet facing the future without resolution and without courage, ceases to be real. One reads through a sort of haze of her marriage with the trusting Blaise, of her subsequent falterings and subterfuges and follies, of her final milk-and-water repentance, and her shallow sufferings. They lack any real bite. Was

the author not great enough to grasp the opportunities of her subject, or was her inspiration exhausted, as seems to be so often the case, by her really good opening chapters? Evidently one should be thankful for the rare pleasures rather than disturbed by the frequent disappointments of modern English fiction. The child Valérie, and Valérie in the first awakening of love, Blaise as pawnbroker's assistant on thirty shillings a week, the black-and-tan Henry, the voluble, devoted Tante, and that carefree gentleman, the father of Valérie, are all things to be thankful for. The novel remains, in spite of expectations unfulfilled, more than relatively good.

"Why torture yourself with such a recapitulation? Let it wait until after we are married. Give yourself to the present, Isabel." What novel built around these words could fail to stimulate popular interest? They have been the starting-point for a thousand tragedies,—in fiction. The book which contains them is impregnated rather with associations and reminiscences of literature than of life; it would take a very great author indeed to make them ring with the conviction of reality. Victoria Morton, author of "The Whirlpool" (E. P. Dutton; \$1.50), is not a great author; she is only a good author who constructs her novel with energy, and with an apparent feeling for the values of fictional material. For such an author, she is surprisingly melodramatic. As for the story, it is hardly necessary to say that Isabel, alias Bella Cavallo, did give herself "to the present." Her husband, the Judge, did not discover until their marriage was many weeks old that Isabel was the Bella Cavallo who had come before him ten years earlier in a celebrated murder case and had been committed by him to the reformatory. She appeared to him for the second time in the northern woods, a veritable angel come to rescue him from the horrors of approaching insanity. Sentimentality and melodrama mar the work of this author, who might, one feels sure, do something better.

In "Oh Mary Be Careful!" by George Weston (Lippincott; \$1.), the memorable custom of falling in love with one's patient is celebrated. Miss Myra Meacham had been permanently soured by an unforgotten jilting on her wedding day; and consequently her will, which left fifty thousand dollars to the pretty last-of-the-Meachams, provided that only by remaining single could Mary be the recipient of the fortune. Mary, quite naturally, chose forthwith the most impecunious man of her acquaintance, the patient aforementioned, to fall in love with,—with what result, the reader who ventures to open the rather sentimental little volume will speedily learn. It is what the publishers quite appropriately term "a sweet story."

Huck Finn and Penrod have, between them, made all the other boys of fiction seem a little tame. Were it not for them, "Limpy," by William Johnston (Little, Brown; \$1.35), would be a capital boy story. As it is, it runs a close second in places, although its hero exhibits something of the lamentable "glad" mania that has recently affected all the little girls of fiction.

Limp Randall was not actually glad that he had to wear a brace, but under the influence of his friend Mr. Jonas, the one-legged war veteran who was normally, we trust, a rather jolly soul, he showed a disposition toward conscious cheer-giving that was unnatural in a youngster of his age, sex, and general normality. Limp learned in the end that being lame of body does not necessarily imply mental lameness, and the reader feels a genuine interest in his struggles and in this final victory over his own sensitiveness. The author has a realistic and amusing manner of displaying his knowledge of boy nature.

What with having to wear tight skirts a month after full skirts are "in," and having to wear tango curls after tango curls are long, long "out," and what with trying to make the cook do her bit by eating margarine instead of butter, and the War Office do its obvious duty in paying Zeppelin insurance for the ruined ceilings when Samuel, wandering in the impenetrable darkness prescribed for the wary, falls over the galvanized anti-Zeppelin pails that line the passage—well, war is a difficult, dangerous, desperate affair according to Maria. She is the heroine and chief speaker of "War Phases According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane (Lane; \$1.). Maria on the subject of everything under heaven from war hens to submarines is a genuine comedy character, and one imagines that there may be not a little truth, however exaggerated, in the picture of London that is reflected in her bewildered, shallow, addled intellect.

The heroine of "Jimmy's Wife," by Jessie Champion (Lane; \$1.25), possesses the distinction of being an unknown quantity. Jimmy had married and subsequently separated from a lady who exacted the promise that he should never openly recognize her if they met in the future. The village parson's wife, who tells the story, being conversant with Jimmy's past, has reason to suspect that two different and equally charming persons are in love with her friend. Which, if either, is Jimmy's wife? Which, if either, does he love? What will the other do about it? These are a few of the questions that harass the poor parson's wife and the reader who takes up her narrative.

Such a sub-title as "An Autobiographical Fragment" cannot fail to intrigue one's interest, and it is not necessary to venture far into "Philosophy," as Henrie Waste has pleased to entitle her "fragment," to appreciate the genuineness of the revelations recorded. There is about this book a quality of freshness and vividness which will hold the general reader's interest even through the passages of philosophical analysis and research. Few who read will have the same enthusiasm as the author had for her studies at Freiburg, but her enthusiasm for intellectual exploration, the struggle between her intellectual self and her emotional self, and the gradual ascendancy of the one over the other, are recorded with so infectious a charm that it is all unusually good reading. Henrie Waste has a rare humor and the happy faculty of laughing at herself just when even the most

sympathetic reader wishes to indulge a laugh at her expense. The real awakening of her emotional self came when she discovered Taddeo among her fellow-students. The story of their love has a delicacy which makes it at times lyric. (Longmans, Green; \$1.25.)

The Golden West of '82 was a different place from the West of 1917, and Mary and John Harris were different people when they set up their windowless shack out in the wilderness from Mary and John the rich Canadian ranch-owners of twenty-five years later. "The Homesteaders," by Robert J. C. Stead (London: T. Fisher Unwin; 6s.), describes the change wrought in the spirit of the hardy adventurer—a change which corresponds to the money-grubbing spirit of the modern West. The plot concerns the daughter's revolt against Mammonism, and a daring "frame-up" on Harris, which serves to open his eyes and to create that wonderful spirit of universal forgiveness peculiar and apparently essential to final chapters.

American colonial history delicately woven into an interesting story is the offering of Cornelia Meigs in "Master Simon's Garden." While the story is written for the juvenile reader, it contains enough of reality in character, plot, and setting to interest even an adult public. When a child has read it, he can boast that he has "read a novel." (Macmillan; \$1.25.)

If those who are clamoring so loudly for "preparedness" in our country would read this story of military life, "The Duel" (Macmillan; \$1.50), perhaps they would analyze a little more closely than usual some of the remoter consequences of militarism. No more biting satire either of the stultifying effect of "discipline," or of the officer's character and pursuits, or of the empty misery of the men, has been drawn anywhere; yet the picture is not overdrawn—it bears evidence of truth on every page. The hero, Romashov, is one of the dreamers who abound in Russian fiction, not at all a Hamlet, as the publishers' advertisement proclaims him, but a soft-hearted, helplessly impractical sentimentalist, absolutely out of place among the self-seeking egoists and ferocious brutes who surround him in the barracks. The woman he loves, like all the women he meets, is hard and ambitious, capable of sending him to his death in the duel with her husband which he long tries feebly to avoid. But the reader is not allowed to pity Romashov; Kuprin makes him more ridiculous than pitiable through an almost mercilessly witty portrayal, reminding one more of French than of Russian art. Anatole France, indeed, might have been responsible for the slyly contemptuous, the cynically revealing description of the camp and its inhabitants which the first chapters give. On the whole, however, the great Frenchman's dish is more highly seasoned than the Russian's; he could never write a popular book, and "The Duel" may become, and deserves to be, a popular book.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE: An Introduction to Literary Criticism. By D. W. Rannie. Dutton; \$1.50.

The scope of Mr. Rannie's book is truly tremendous. In a little more than three hundred pages, he discusses, or mentions, everything that lies between commas and fitness in epic poetry, with much extraneous matter. By consequence, the book suffers from a rather woeful confusion and dilution of ideas. Why, for instance, should sections on punctuation—which are either inadequate or wrong—be unequally yoked with remarks on metaphorical language—which are mostly pointless? What illumination is there in being told that chapters are either named or unnamed? Or what good can it do anybody—any beginner at least—to learn "fundamental" distinctions between prose and poetry which may be contradicted from every great classic that comes to mind? Pearls of wisdom like the following drop freely from Mr. Rannie's lips: "All plays require character-drawing; some require a great deal"; or "The Round Table" is non-metrical, 'The Table Round' is metrical; the first order is prose, the second poetry." It is a severe thing to say, but such profundities not unfairly represent the intellectual quality of the entire book. The author's intentions are obviously good; but he really helps no sort of reader or student to begin to criticize anything with just confidence and point; and he does not throw much light upon any of the legion of topics he conjures up.

SLAVERY IN GERMANIC SOCIETY DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. University of Chicago Press; \$1.

Among the students of life and civilization in the Middle Ages, the late Dr. Wergeland held a high and honored place. The circumstances of her work as professor of history at the University of Wyoming made it difficult for her to carry any extensive work to completion; but her occasional contributions to journals devoted to the social sciences showed that she possessed wide information, rare scholarship, and keen insight into the life of the mediæval past. Her friends, wishing to do something that should "aid to perpetuate her memory in a way she would have especially liked," decided to publish one of her more important contributions in the form of a book, and selected a paper on "Slavery in Germanic Society during the Middle Ages," which appeared some years ago in the "Journal of Political Economy." The paper makes a small volume of 158 pages; but it is the only discussion that covers the entire field of mediæval slavery, and the only work that gives proper attention to the legal aspects of this institution in the Scandinavian lands, where Germanic society persisted longest in its heathen form. Dr. Wergeland presents her materials under three heads: reduction into slavery, amelioration of slavery, and liberation. On all these points she contributes much valuable information and re-

moves many misconceptions. The Church, for instance, has long been credited with an abiding enthusiasm for emancipation; but the author finds that the churchmen, who also felt the need of cheap labor, took a greater interest in the liberation of the slaves of others than of their own. Dr. J. Franklin Jameson contributes a preface, in which he writes with appreciation of the author and her work for history.

TIGER LAND. By C. E. Gouldsbury. Dutton; \$1.25.

Those who read Mr. Gouldsbury's "Life in the Indian Police" will need no urging to take up this latest book of his, which deals with the chief sporting incidents of his long life in Bengal. He is an authority in his way, a man totally devoid of boastfulness, who has led an interesting, manly, highly useful life and now in (let us hope, pensioned!) middle age sits down to tell us all about it. From the time when he went to sea as a stow-away (and was thoroughly thrashed by half the ship's company), his life has been one long adventure, for he joined the Indian Police in Mutiny days and stayed with them until "time-expired." And with the possible exception of railway men in early construction days, and here and there a forest officer or two, no man in the world may see such sport as the officer of Indian Police. The book is plainly written, for this is not a man who has had time to dabble in art. His own adventures are much the best; those he relates of others, at second hand, bear here and there the taint of suspicion; fortunately, far the greater part of the book is taken up with accounts of things he himself saw—and very often slew. Unlike so many books on "sport," this one will not nauseate the reader with accounts of the butchery of helpless things. Tigers, panthers, and leopards seem to have been the only animals whose execution gave Mr. Gouldsbury much joy, and although he did shoot bison and ibex and a sambur now and then, he escapes the charge of being a butcher by a very wide margin. In fact, one turns the last page with a feeling of contentment that there are such men after all, and of hope that in spite of the advertised attainments of rich modern "Nimrods," his mantle of modesty and restraint may have fallen on younger shoulders. Of another generation, Mr. Gouldsbury does not pretend to write of India, or even of Bengal, as it is to-day; for India is changing faster than he likes, or than the world likes to believe. But he tells a good story, like a gentleman who knows. Moreover, he does know. To the man in an armchair who asks to forget himself and be some other man,—to live forty exciting years in the space of a few hours,—he comes with the necessary spell. Since it takes forty years of good work to learn the secret of that spell, let us hope that, unlike the rifle recently discarded in India "for ever and ever and ever," Mr. Gouldsbury has not laid down his pen, but that he may write many more such reminiscences, without an unkind word or mean thought from cover to cover but with the truth and strength of that rare gift, sportsmanship.

CREATIVE INVOLUTION. By Cora L. Williams. Alfred Knopf; \$1.50.

Miss Cora L. Williams is a teacher of mathematics. Looking at the non-mathematical world about her has persuaded her that men and other living creatures live in groups and societies and that these groups and societies have qualities which individuals do not have. The qualities are such as make societies super-individuals that bear the same relation to individuals as the body does to the cells that compose it. Miss Williams seems to have discovered this entirely by herself and she thinks that her discovery is new. She has been so overwhelmed by it that she has acquired a mystic regard for it. She calls it "creative involution" and opposes it to "creative evolution," in a language which is involved, obscure, dithyrambic, sacerdotal. The mystification she achieves becomes more than linguistic through her use of one of the romantic imaginings of the mathematicians—the theory of a fourth dimension. *Diction and Fourth Dimension* seem to have made an impression on Mr. Edwin Markham, who writes an introduction to the book. Those who are fond of mythology will find something to their taste therein.

"MADEMOISELLE MISS." W. A. Butterfield; 50 cts.

This small volume of letters written by an American girl serving with the rank of lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the front, is one of the most vivid contributions to war literature that the reviewer has read. Written as they were with no thought of publication, they are entirely free from all journalistic exaggeration or pose, unadulterated by any attempt at "fine" writing. They not only depict the simple and undramatic routine of hospital life within sound of the firing line, but convey also an extraordinarily intimate and glowing sense of the spirit of the wounded and the nurses. It is difficult for us at this distance to understand that human nature is much the same in the presence of the nightmare horror of war—perhaps not quite the same either, for the conviction which inspires men to risk their lives for a cause also inspires in them a calm hardihood, even a gaiety, in the experience of physical suffering. It is this superb note of spiritual exhilaration which characterizes these letters. No one can read them without being profoundly moved, even chastened. The proceeds of the sale of the book go to the American Fund for French Wounded. This fact is sufficient reason why every American should buy a copy, but the exquisite quality of this letter-record will be a reason for treasuring and rereading it.

THE SPELL OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS AND THE PHILIPPINES. By Isabel Anderson. Page; \$2.50.

Four visits to the Hawaiian Islands and an extended tour of the Philippines have qualified Mrs. Anderson to write with first-hand knowledge of their peculiar attractions. Her pen reproduces much of the atmosphere of those Pacific possessions of ours, and does it in a manner of which

only a bright and observant and firmly susceptible woman is mistress. Well drawn is the contrast between that paradise in the Pacific, that playground of the world, which was annexed to the United States eighteen years ago, and those more distant, less easily assimilated islands that came under our flag about the same time. A third of the book is given to the nearer and better-known group of islands, two-thirds to the more distant and still unfamiliar archipelago. The lure of Hawaii exerts itself upon the reader, who is told that "the temperature averages about 73 degrees. The trade winds blowing from the northeast across the Pacific are refreshing as well as the tiny showers, which follow you up and down the streets. There is not a poisonous vine or a snake, or any other creature more harmful than the bee." Every prospect pleases, and not even man is vile, in Mrs. Anderson's pages. Philippine attractions, too, are not inconsiderable. Even the domestic animals fare sumptuously, as appears from the following: "Pigs are kept by the Filipinos, and are put on a raised platform for about six weeks before killing, so as to keep them clean and fatten them with good food. Salads, crawfish and trout, as well as cocoanut milks, red wine and wild coffee, are among the things they live on." Think of it! Yet it should be added that there is more than a possibility that "they" refers, not to "pigs," but to "Filipinos."

THE SPELL OF SCOTLAND. By Keith Clark. Page; \$2.50.

Of Scottish ancestry and imbued with a true affection for his ancestral home, Mr. Clark writes enthusiastically of "The Spell of Scotland" in the notable "Spell Series" now numbering not far from a score of volumes. To him the Scottish capital, the "Empress of the North," is "the most beautiful, the most romantic, the singular city of the world." To him Edinburgh is "lovely," and "the chalice of romance has been lifted for centuries on the high altar of her situation." But Aberdeen, too, is a fair city, "a dignified and an extraordinarily clean city." Marischal College, "founded by the Keiths, who were Earl Marischals," naturally stirs the Keith blood in Mr. Keith Clark's veins. The chief attractions of Scotland are agreeably brought to our attention in the eleven chapters of the book, even the Hebrides, but apparently not the Orkney or the Shetland Islands, being included in the author's tour of the kingdom. Literary allusion and quotation, with a sufficiency of history for popular liking, enrich the descriptions, which are made more vivid still by frequent illustrations from photographs and other sources and eight colored plates of much beauty. Appended is a bibliography which, without being comprehensive, is so widely inclusive as to take in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," Wesley's journal, Mr. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaëton," and other pieces of literature that one might not look for in such a list, but is not at all displeased at finding there.

THE SOCIAL CRITICISM OF LITERATURE. By Gertrude M. Buck. Yale University Press; \$1.

Miss Buck's short monograph is an attempt to resolve "The Muddle of Criticism" into rational order and end the long war of critical theories in the active peace of coöperation. She reduces the several kinds of criticism to three stages in the critical process: the critical reading and interpretation of literature in the light of all relevant facts about it; the formulation of a body of laws derived from this reading; and the ranking of particular pieces of literature on the basis of these discovered laws;—that is "critical reading," "critical theory," and "critical judgment." "The larger criticism," which merges in itself the criticism of the various schools, has given us "one priceless possession—a vitalized, democratized conception of literature." To the modern critic "a book can never again be a barren, finished product, a scholastic abstraction, but a living activity of more than writer and reader, a genuine function of the social body." It is no longer art for art's sake but art for life's sake. Literature is a primary means by which the race advances, and "the critic's function is to further this advance by facilitating the interaction of literature with society"; his aim is "to make his expressed judgments of books thus provocative of genuine reading rather than in any degree a substitute for it." For literature is nothing to an individual till it becomes his own experience; criticism cannot be vicarious. The critic must "heighten the reader's conscious life by increasing his capacity to read." The reader's reaction to literature in his own life and in the life of the community is the concern of the critic and not a dry and meaningless formulation of rules and degrees of excellence for the bewilderment of an unsophisticated public.

FAMOUS SCULPTURE. By Charles L. Barstow. Century Co.; \$1.

The third and last in this series of elementary art manuals follows the plan of Mr. Barstow's "Famous Pictures" and "Famous Buildings" in giving only general outlines and salient features. First comes a preliminary chapter of not too technical instruction, then chapters on ancient sculpture, followed by others on mediæval, renaissance, and modern sculpture, with a brief view of sculpture in America and, finally, a rapid "journey through Sculpture Land" or some of the famous galleries and palaces where famous examples of this form of art are on exhibition. A pronouncing vocabulary, a glossary, and an index complete the work. The necessarily brief survey of American sculpture confines itself, rather unaccountably, to short notices of Rinehart and St. Gaudens, with two pages of more general matter. The commendatory mention of Powers and his Greek Slave, without qualifying comment, is a little surprising in a twentieth-century art critic, even in an uncritical elementary treatise. Many half-tone illustrations, mostly small and useful only as suggestions, help to give interest to the reading matter.

DISEASES OF OCCUPATIONAL AND VOCATIONAL HYGIENE. By George M. Kober and William C. Hanson. Blackiston; \$8.

The development of the modern factory system and the specialization of labor in conjunction therewith have created many new hazards and dangers to the health of operatives, which result in the increase, on the one hand, of well known types of disease among persons employed in some occupations, and on the other, in the origin of new and peculiar types among employees in other fields. In the present volume we find an encyclopædic treatment of these subjects in which the socialization of medicine in its preventive aspects has made such rapid progress in recent years. Everything from hammerman's to writer's cramp, and from paraffin itch to furrier's asthma, finds a place in the discussion of diseases incident to the extremely varied occupations into which modern industry has diversified labor. Not only the history and incidence of vocational diseases are given, but also their symptomology, pathology, and treatment. This part is written by specialists of international reputation, and is designed for physicians, medical and legal experts, and insurance examiners desiring technical information. The second part of the work deals with the cause and prevention of diseases and accidents in a long list of occupations. Especial attention is given to the prevention of disease in the light of the experience gained by the various state bureaus for factory and workshop inspection, state commissions on occupational diseases, safety councils, and state and private industrial insurance bureaus. This part is of especial value to employers, nurses, social workers, and legislators. The third part is concerned with the legislative and administrative aspects of the subject, and is designed for the investigator, the official, and the organizer of legal and social movements to control, eliminate, and ameliorate the hazards to the health of the worker resulting from industry. The work has more than thirty collaborators, each a specialist in the treatment of some form of vocational disease, or experienced in the administration of factory inspection or in public health service. Of general interest to social workers are the chapters dealing with fatigue and occupation, the use and fallacies of statistics, the protection and the promotion of women wage earners, the exclusion of minors from injurious and dangerous occupations, and effective legislation and administration. The chapter by the chief editor on the etiology and prophylaxis of occupational diseases has valuable discussions of dust prevention, light, temperature, humidity, food, posture, overwork and fatigue, speeding up, welfare measures, governmental activities, housing, hygiene, diet for laborers, alcohol and tobacco. The book is a mine of information, condensed, well-ordered, and authentic. It will be a useful addition to every library accessible to working men, a valuable adjunct for the physician and specialist in vocational diseases, and an indispensable aid to the social worker and employer interested in the betterment of the conditions of labor.

BRIEFER MENTION.

After the lapse of thirteen years, Mr. Louis F. Post presents a third edition of his "Ethics of Democracy" (Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.50). It has a certain interest, of course, but mainly as an effort to steal fire from the fountains of the past to scarify the present. Amid the fall of systems and the clash of empires, one may be forgiven just the suspicion of a smile when one reads that "where that [the land monopoly] flourishes, equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are inevitably overthrown." Yet, despite sectarianism, Mr. Post redeems himself by a pervasive spirit of love for human kind. Had his intellect something of the insight of his emotions, his book would be less exasperating. Nevertheless, it contrives to be an excellent irritant.

There is an undeniable charm in "The Flower-Patch Among the Hills," by Flora Klickmann,—sketches of garden making and housekeeping on the crest of a hill above the river Wye, overlooking Tintern Abbey. They are the sort of thing which will appeal to those in whom the love of gardens is an instinct, and they will supply many a pleasant hour with homely gossip. It is not a book for the expert garden enthusiast, for it occupies itself entirely with the chatter inspired by the riot and quaintness of cottage gardens. Had the author been content to confine her writings to her garden and omitted the lengthy passages which deal with unwelcome visitors, the interest of the book would have been uninterrupted. She writes best of what she loves best, and flowers rather than humanity are her happiest inspiration. (Stokes; \$1.50.)

The lore of rings from the earliest known times to the present day is exhaustively chronicled in George Frederick Kunz's handsome volume "Rings" (Lippincott; \$6.50). The author has handled a large amount of detailed information in such a way as to make it most easily available for those interested in any particular feature of the subject. He has treated the origin of rings, the several purposes of ring wearing, and the various methods and fashions in wearing. Special chapters are devoted to the materials of which rings were fashioned in ancient times, to signet rings, interesting historic rings, betrothal and wedding rings and love tokens, the religious use and significance of rings, the magic virtues of rings, the use of rings in healing, and present-day ring making. The volume is elaborately illustrated with 290 cuts in color, doubletone, and line.

"The Chief American Prose Writers," edited by Norman Foerster (Houghton Mifflin; \$2.), is a companion volume to Professor C. H. Page's "The Chief American Poets"; and like it, is intended primarily for use with college classes. It brings together a total of thirty-eight selections from the works of the nine American writers whom the editor holds to have become, "by common consent,

the American prose classics": Franklin, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, and Holmes. Little fault can be found with Professor Foerster's selection of materials. Most of the specimens, moreover, are complete; and some are now made accessible, in textbook form, for the first time. In one respect the volume suffers in comparison with Professor Page's anthology: it is without biographical sketches of the authors represented; but in all other particulars the editing has been admirably done.

Unwritten dictionaries still offer occupation aplenty to lexicographers. One of these hitherto uncompiled lexicons suggested itself twenty-two years ago to an alert and receptive intelligence, and the result is that we have to-day Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes" (Little, Brown; \$2.50) to the exceeding joy of all lovers of the pithy and the piquant in verbal expression. All the world knows the phrase, "as handy as a pocket in a shirt" (where, in fact, a pocket would be decidedly unhandy); but how much more picturesque, more undeniably apt, is Mr. Wilstach's simile, "as handy as a poker in hell"! "As dishonest as a gas meter," "as friendless as an alarm clock," and "as shy as a submarine" are other pregnant examples. "As busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives" will appeal to anyone who has ever attempted mural decoration with paste and paper in a frame of mind or body that did not admit of undivided application to the task in hand.

As every reader of Mr. Galsworthy knows, English society possesses a "system." To see it to full advantage, one must see it from the inside. No better guide could be found than the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell, the son of a Lord, the grandson of a Duke, and, in addition, himself a distinguished figure in public life on his own merits. In his "Portraits of the Seventies" (Scribner; \$3.75) he has presented recollections of the leaders of Victorianism, when Victorianism was at its zenith. It would be difficult to find a more entertaining, even enthralling volume. It is replete with anecdote, "inside" information, and first-hand appreciation of such political leaders as Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Bright, and Lord Salisbury; of social grandees like the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; of great physicians, great poets, and great churchmen. No more interesting view of English society is available, and it is far better reading than many novels.

Dr. Nicolas P. Aghnides, recently a pupil of Professor E. R. A. Seligman at Columbia University, is a Mohammedan by birth and sympathy, although a "Christian" by education. In his "Mohammedan Theories of Finance, with an Introduction to Mohammedan Law and a Bibliography" (Columbia University Press), he aims to set forth "for Christian readers" an impartial discus-

sion of certain Mohammedan institutions. The essay is planned to appear in two volumes. The first volume is now available. This elaborate and unique book of more than 500 pages is the work of a true scholar, however limited its appeal. It appears that the most striking feature of Mohammedan financial theory is its distinctly dual nature. Public revenue is sharply divided into religious and secular sorts, with many devious and sometimes amusing complications. Certain kinds of property are religious, and the payment of revenue on this kind of property is a religious ceremony. The secular taxes are a purely civil obligation, for the collection of which entirely different machinery is set in motion.

There are many stimulating ideas contained in "The Judgment of the Orient" (Dutton; 60 cts.). The book consists of remarks on the war made by K'ung Yuan Ku'suh, edited and translated by Ambrose Pratt. The opinions recorded have a rapier-like penetration and cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to those who have the cause of the allies at heart. A few of them are: "The Germans have large and highly cultivated brains, small and imperfectly developed minds." "The Italians seem to me an old race—a race that has matured its every faculty and allowed some of its finer spiritual attributes to mortify." To France: "Do not ask for pity. Your right is to be praised." "The Russian people can be humbled only by their kind." Of the soul of England: "It is a humane and human soul, a soul that passionately desires justice, and is anxious, on its part, to be just." "Did you know that souls have sex as well as stature? The soul of England is not hermaphroditic: it is intensely, arrogantly masculine." "The psychological genesis of the war between Germany and Europe is sexual."

A set of three small volumes by Dr. Bernard Hollander of London offers a useful introduction for the comprehension of the mental ills that mind is heir to. The volumes are devoted to "The Nervous Disorders of Men," "The Nervous Disorders of Women," and "Abnormal Children" (Dutton; \$1.25 each). While not notable in form or treatment, they will serve as a survey of the field in intelligible analysis and description. Keeping fairly away from the pronounced insanities, they cover the functional liabilities: the fears, despondencies, loss of control, insomnia, exhaustion, disqualifications, and minor ailments. Methods of treatment through mental appeal and a proper regimen are set forth, and illustrative cases appended. The volume upon abnormal children naturally follows a different course, and deals with defect, the dangers of development, the precocities and instabilities of temperament. Dr. Hollander is an adherent of a revived and scientifically revised doctrine of localization, similar to the phrenological assumptions; but this aspect of his convictions only occasionally mars the perspective of his presentations.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Editors will be pleased to answer inquiries or to render to readers such services as are possible.

Auction prices paid by Mr. R. H. Dodd at the recent sale of duplicate rarities from the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, in the American Art Association's salesrooms, New York, were: \$475 for Robert Johnson's "Nova Britannia" (Virginia), London, 1609; \$950 for an uncut first edition of John Lechford's "Newes from New England," London, 1642.

Mr. L. C. Harper took Mourt's "Journall of the English Plantation settled at Plimoth in New England," London, 1622, and the E. D. Church copy of another story of the same colony, "written by a reverend divine now there resident," London, 1630, for \$2150 and \$1500. The Rosenbach Co., booksellers, of Philadelphia, paid \$7460 for six items in the same sale, among them "The New Life of Virginia," a continuation of Johnson's "Nova Britannia," at \$2200, and Peckham's "True Reporte of the late discoveries of the Newfound Lands by that valiant and worthy Gentleman, Sir Humfrey Gilbert Knight," London, 1583, at \$2950. Only two copies of this first printed book on Newfoundland have appeared in the auction rooms in a century, besides the present one.

Mr. George D. Smith, bookseller, was a heavy purchaser of other rarities at the same sale. Nine of Captain John Smith's well-known chronicles of Virginia and New England, and of his interior travels and adventures, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, went to Mr. Smith for a total of \$12,725. The aggregate yield of 308 items from Mr. Huntington's unneeded collector's stock, at the two sessions of January 24 and 25, was \$107,784.50.

An Arabic manuscript on medicine of the 16th century was a feature of a collection of miscellaneous books sold by The Anderson Galleries, East 40th Street, New York, on February 1 and 2. It was written on paper with curious ornaments in varied colors, 16mo, and had a contemporary native binding in black morocco with blind toolings, flap and leather tie. Eastern manuscripts on medicine are very rare in the American trade.

Other features of the same auction sale, which comprised 634 highly varied numbers, crept rather closer to ourselves by easy stages. So, for example, a French version with music supplements, of "Azalais and the Gentle Aimar," a Provençal story, in 12mo, half morocco, Paris, An VII (1799); or again, Marco Polo's "Travels" in an English translation, quarto, panelled gilt calf, carmine edges, London, 1818; the Copenhagen Icelandic and Latin edition of "The Edda" by the ablest specialists of 1787 to 1828, 3 volumes, 4to, half morocco, and a newer one in 2 volumes, 8vo, Copenhagen, 1848-52.

Americanists were rival bidders for a fine copy of Schoolcraft's "Archives of Aboriginal Knowledge," illustrated with hundreds of plates, and covering a wide range of Indian lore and history, 6 volumes, 4to, brown cloth gilt, a few plates spotted, Philadelphia, 1860.

There were also sixteen first edition numbers of Andrew Lang's works, a fair showing of Thackeray and other standard writers, and twelve good Whitman numbers. The writer coveted a fine copy on handmade paper of 300 etched reproductions of paintings by Hals, Goya, and leading modern French masters, 3 volumes, royal 8vo, Paris, 1873, more than many other numbers in the History of Art group. Another might have fastened upon Francis Parkman's works in Little, Brown and Co's. Boston edition, 12 volumes, 12mo, half dark green morocco, gilt top, or Fourier's "Passions of the Human Soul," etc., 14 volumes of religious miscellany, London and New York, 1840-51, or on Brathwait's "Law of Drinking," New Haven, 1903. A bronze bust of Balzac on a bad mahogany base of pyramidal form and a finely modelled life-size female hand, a studio bronze of Italian workmanship emerged from a batch of library ornaments to be sold with these queer survivals and costly books.

Collectors of Americana will not fail to profit by the notable sale that is about to open at the American Art Galleries, New York, as this paragraph is written. The libraries of Dr. O. O. Roberts of Northampton, Mass., and of Mr. Leonard Benedicks of New York, with some "rare New Jersey historical items" (as the catalogue says) from the library of the late Hon. Garret D. W. Vroom, of Trenton, N. J., are to go to successful bidders. Among early publications is to be noted especially this rarity: "The First Principles of New-England Concerning the Subject of Baptism and Communion of Churches. Collected partly out the Printed Books, but chiefly out of the Original Manuscripts of the First and chiefe Fathers in the New-English Churches; With the judgment of Sundry Learned Divines of the Congregational Way in Fneeland, Concerning the said Questions. Published for the Benefit of those who are of the Rising Generation in New England. By Increase Mather, Teacher of a Church in Boston in New England. Cambridge. Printed by Samuel Green, 1675." Where shall we find a quainter, more characteristic title-page than the one here copied in part only? Five copies of this rare work have been offered at public sale in America, the last being that sold in the Charles Deane collection, 1898.

Wellesley College has received, for its department of English literature, two books that would rejoice the heart of any collector. Miss Adele Lathrop, a former instructor in the department, is the generous giver; and the books are Lamb's "Eliu" in the original edition of 1823, with the sub-title, "Essays which have appeared under that signature in the London Magazine," and Joseph Glanvill's "Vanitv of Doctrinizing" (1661). It was in August, 1820, that Lamb's first Elian essay appeared in the above-named magazine—the essay entitled, "Recollections of the South Sea House." To have that sketch and the other twenty-four that went with it is to have a prize indeed. Glanvill (or Glanvil, as it is often written) is thought to have anticipated the electric telegraph and Hume's theory of causation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The latest novel of Frances Hodgson Burnett, "The White People," is a recent announcement of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Macmillans announce for spring publication, among other fiction in a large list, novels by Ernest Poole, Jack London, St. John G. Ervine, and Eden Phillpotts.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a new novel by Joseph Conrad for spring publication. The title is "The Shadow Line," and has reference to the boundary between youth and age.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. will publish on February 24: "The Best Short Stories of 1916," edited by Edward J. O'Brien; "White Fountains," by Edward J. O'Brien, and "The Middle Pastures," by Mathilde Bilbro.

The first novel from Robert Hiehens in three years is announced for publication on February 28, by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. Its title is "The Wilderness," and the scenes are laid in England and in the Near East.

A significant volume in the literature of architecture is the recently announced "Six Lectures on Architecture," by Ralph Adams Cram, Thomas Hastings, and Claude Bragdon. It is a University of Chicago Press publication.

Romain Rolland's monograph on Beethoven, in a translation by Dr. Eaglefield Hull, has just been published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Co. Dr. Hull has added, as an appendix, an analysis of the quartets, symphonies, and sonatas.

Early publications of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott and Co. are: "The Practical Book of Outdoor Rose Growing," by George C. Thomas, Jr.; "The Book of the Peony," by Mrs. Edward Harding; "The Chosen People," by Sidney L. Nyburg.

Miss Nellie R. Taylor of Philadelphia wrote more than a thousand letters to soldiers in the trenches by way of aid and encouragement to the allied cause. The answers are to be published in book form on April 5th, by Mr. Robert J. Shores.

"Vesprie Towers," a posthumous novel by Theodore Watts-Dunton, is to be published February 23, by the John Lane Co. "Afternoon," by Emile Verhaeren, and "The Gay Life," by Keble Howard, are to be published on the same day.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. announce for immediate publication the following books: "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey; "Only a Dog," by Bertha Whitridge Smith; "The Highwayman," by H. C. Bailey; "Surnames," by Ernest Weekley.

An addition to the "See America First" series published by the Page Co. is announced in "Arizona, the Wonderland," by George Wharton James. "The Girl from the Big Horn Country," by Miss Mary E. Chase, is scheduled for publication in March, by the same company.

Another poetry magazine is announced in "The Sonnet," of 201 East Twelfth Street, New York City. It is to be edited by Mahlon Leonard Fisher at Williamsport, Penn. Neither prose nor anything that savors of criticism, editorial or con-

tributed, is to be published, and sonnets will be given a decided preference.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have issued under the title, "The Pangerman Plot Unmasked," a translation of M. André Chéradame's study of German ambitions and the causes that brought on the war. The French version was reviewed by Mr. Laski in *THE DIAL* of February 8.

David Graham Phillips's posthumous novel, "Susan Lenox," is to be published in two volumes on February 23, by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Phillips is said to have spent ten years in writing the novel, which has just completed its serial appearance in one of the magazines.

Hanns Heinz Ewers, who has been called "the German Poe" because of his ability in writing highly imaginative literature, is the author of a study of Edgar Allan Poe soon to be published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch. The book is said to be not only a study of Poe but a "criticism of those who view art through the spectacles of morality."

Immediate publications of the Houghton Mifflin Co. are: "Getting Together," by Ian Hay; "The Way of the Wind," by Eugenia B. Frothingham; "The Long Journey," by Elsie Singmaster; "Out Where the West Begins," by Arthur Chapman; "At Suvla Bay," by John Hargrave; "Lord Stowell," by E. S. Roscoe; "Shelley in England," by Roger Ingpen, and "William Orne White," by Eliza Orne White.

Mr. A. S. Neill, whose "confessions" appeared in "A Dominie's Log," is to reveal himself further in "A Dominie Dismissed," to be published in the near future by Messrs. Robert M. McBride & Co. Another recent announcement of the same company is "The Torch Bearers of Bohemia," by V. I. Kryshanovskaya, who was recently awarded honorable mention by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petrograd.

With the February issue, Mr. G. G. Wyant took charge of the "Bookman," as editor. The policy of the magazine has been changed and forthcoming issues are to include articles on politics, sociology, and the war, in addition to literature and art. An editorial announcement states that an effort will be made, however, "to maintain the literary and bookish flavor" which has characterized the magazine in the past.

What promises to be an extraordinary contribution to the literature of psychical research is announced by the George H. Doran Co. in Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond: or Life and Death." Sir Oliver presents evidence in this volume to support his belief that his son, killed in battle over a year ago, is still in communication with friends of his terrestrial life.

Lord Ribblesdale has written a memoir of his second son, Charles, for a volume entitled "Charles Lister; Letters and Recollections" which has recently come from the press of T. Fisher Unwin (London). Charles Lister died in hospital of wounds received in the Gallipoli campaign in August, 1915, at the age of twenty-eight. After Elton he went to Balliol and then entered the diplomatic service, being stationed at Rome and later at Constantinople.

"Mademoiselle Miss"

Letters from an American girl serving with the rank of Lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the front.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot says in his preface to this little book:

"The record is one of the most intimate and holy things which have been saved for our comfort out of the whirlpool of embattled Europe. I find in these letters some fragment of true atonement for the huge sin and blunder of the war."

"This brief record of some of those lights and darks shows not only what she does for her wounded and what her loving care of the wounded has done for her; it shows, too, the operation in a crisis of typical American resourcefulness and enthusiasm."—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

"These letters are not conscious literature but quivering life. They are sung from the ends of her tingling nerves on to bits of paper, in the burning bloody midst of most tragic and heroic scenes. Nothing equal to them in brilliancy, poignancy and power has come from the European War region to any periodicals."—METHODIST REVIEW.

Published for the benefit of the American Fund for French Wounded

PRICE 50 CENTS

On sale at leading booksellers or at the publishers,

W. A. BUTTERFIELD

59 BROMFIELD STREET

BOSTON

Hygiene in Mexico

ALBERTO J. PANI

A Study of Sanitary and Educational Problems

12°. \$1.50 net. (By Mail \$1.60)

An investigation by the Ex-Director General of Public Works in the City of Mexico by the express order of Carranza. M. Pani says: "The purpose of this book is to expose one of the least known, most nefarious, and shameful inheritances of the past, in order that it may be uprooted with the most intense energy of which Government and society in general is capable."

At all Booksellers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

2 West 45th St.

Just West of 5th Ave.

LONDON

24 Bedford Street

Strand

"AT McCLURG'S"

It is of interest and importance to Librarians to know that the books reviewed and advertised in this magazine can be purchased from us at advantageous prices by

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges and Universities

In addition to these books we have an exceptionally large stock of the books of all publishers—a more complete assortment than can be found on the shelves of any other bookstore in the entire country. We solicit correspondence from librarians unacquainted with our facilities.

LIBRARY DEPARTMENT

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

Just Published

SHELLEY IN ENGLAND

By

Roger Ingpen

A new and notable biographic study based on unpublished material of the first importance hitherto withheld by the Shelley family. The existence of this valuable manuscript material has long been known to lovers of Shelley, and its publication eagerly awaited.

Illustrated from photographs and facsimiles. 2 vols. Boxed. \$5.00 net.

Houghton Mifflin Company

4 Park St., Boston 16 E. 40th St., New York

THE DIAL

A fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism,
Discussion, and Information

Published by

THE DIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago
Telephone Harrison 3293

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN

TRAVIS HOKE

Editor

Associate

MARTYN JOHNSON

WILLARD C. KITCHEL

President

Sec'y-Treas.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne) is published fortnightly—every other Thursday—except in July and August, when but one issue for each month will appear.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—\$3. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and its possessions, Canada, and Mexico. Foreign postage, 50 cents a year extra. Price of single copies, 15 cents.

CHANGE OF ADDEESS:—Subscribers may have their mailing address changed as often as desired. In ordering such changes, it is necessary that both the old and new addresses be given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are discontinued at the expiration of term paid for unless specifically renewed.

REMITTANCES should be made payable to THE DIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, and should be in the form of Express or Money Order, or in New York or Chicago exchange. When remitting by personal check, 10 cents should be added for cost of collection.

ADVERTISING RATES sent on application.

Entered as Second-class matter Oct. 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, under Act of March 3, 1879.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 117 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. With frontispiece, 12mo, 596 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

François Villon. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. 12mo, 268 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Beethoven. By Romain Rolland. Illustrated, 12mo, 244 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Basil Williams. Herbert Spencer. By Hugh Elliot. With frontispiece, 12mo, 330 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.

Makers of the Nineteenth Century. Porfirio Diaz. By David Hannay. With frontispiece, 12mo, 319 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.

Russell H. Conwell and His Work. By Agnes Rush Burr. Illustrated, 12mo, 438 pages. The John C. Winston Co. \$1.35.

Seven Years at the Prussian Court. By Edith Keen. With frontispiece, 8vo, 315 pages. John Lane Co. \$3.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Hidden Happiness. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. 12mo, 231 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Great Inspirers. By Rev. J. A. Zahm. 12mo, 271 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

William Wordsworth. By George McLean Harper. Illustrated, 2 vols. 8vo, 441-451 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.50 per set.

Virgil's Gathering of the Clans. By Warde Fowler. 12mo, 96 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.20.

The Youth of Vergil. By R. S. Conway. 8vo, 28 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper, 20 cts.

Some Notes on Shakespeare's Stage and Plays. By William Poel. 8vo, 17 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper, 40 cts.

- Great Companions.** By Edith Franklin Wyatt. 12mo, 363 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language.** By Hudson Maxim. With frontispiece, 8vo, 294 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50.
- School-Day Philosophy.** By R. G. Cholmeley-Jones. 12mo, 31 pages. John Lane Co. 50 cts.
- Sir Sidney Lee's New Edition of a Life of William Shakespeare.** Some words of criticism. By Sir George Greenwood. 8vo, 52 pages. John Lane Co. 50 cts.
- The Celtic Dawn.** By Lloyd R. Morris. 12mo, 251 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Shelley in England.** By Roger Ingpen. Illustrated, 2 vols., 8vo, 711 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5. Set.

FICTION.

- Mendel.** By Gilbert Cannan. 12mo, 445 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.
- The Wave.** By Algernon Blackwood. 12mo, 380 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Stories of H. C. Bunner.** "Short Sixes." The Suburban Sage. With frontispiece, 12mo, 320 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.
- The Stories of H. C. Bunner.** More "Short Sixes." The Runaway Browns. 12mo, 377 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.
- Therapia.** By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, 206 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35.
- A Soldier of Life.** By Hugh de Selincourt. 12mo, 326 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Bittersweet.** By Grant Richards. 12mo, 403 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.40.
- Gullible's Travels, Etc.** By Ring W. Lardner. Frontispiece, 12mo, 256 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.
- Our Next-Door Neighbors.** By Belle K. Maniates. Illustrated, 12mo, 280 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.
- The Man Next Door.** By Emerson Hough. Illustrated, 12mo, 310 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Mag Pyc.** By The Baroness Von Hutten. 12mo, 357 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Gay Life.** By Kebble Howard. 12mo, 315 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.30.
- In the Wilderness.** By Robert Hichens. With frontispiece, 12mo, 583 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- Lydia of the Pines.** By Honoré Willis. With frontispiece, 12mo, 357 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40.
- Joan.** By Amelia E. Barr. With frontispiece, 12mo, 325 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Stars in their Courses.** By Hilda M. Sharp. 12mo, 445 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Adventures of Jimmie Dale.** By Frank L. Packard. 12mo, 468 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.
- Birth of Universal Brotherhood.** By Anna Ratner Shapiro. Frontispiece, 12mo, 268 pages. Burton Pub. Co. \$1.35.

VERSE, DRAMA, AND ART.

- Songs of Ukraina.** By F. Randall Livesay. 12mo, 115 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- Maga the Wanderer or The Desert.** By Padraic Colum. 12mo, 115 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.
- Afternoon.** By Emile Verhaeren. 12mo, 77 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.
- The Collected Poems of John Russell Hayes.** With frontispiece, 12mo, 484 pages. The Biddle Press. \$2.
- The Broken Wing.** By Sarojini Naidu. 12mo, 120 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25.
- Out Where the West Begins.** By Arthur Chapman. 12mo, 92 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson.** With a Preface by Wilfrid Meynell. 12mo, 70 pages. Macmillan. \$1.
- "All's Well."** By John Oxenham. 12mo, 165 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.
- Across the Threshold.** By Baron Vane. 12mo, 144 pages. Harold McNair. \$1.50.
- A Woman Free.** By "Ruth." 12mo, 72 pages. J. F. Rowny Press. 75 cts.
- Oxford Poetry.** By W. R. C. T. W. E., and A. L. H. 12mo, 60 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper, 36 cts.
- The Lure of the Desert and Other Poems.** By Madge Morris. With frontispiece, 12mo, 122 pages. Harr Wagner Pub. Co.
- Three Welsh Plays.** By Jeanette Marks. 12mo, 87 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.

"A BOOK THAT COUNTS"

Learn to Figure Faster

The demands of the day require it

This book presents a new time-saving system which eliminates the drudgery of cumbersome calculations. The methods comprising the Prewett System, which is fully explained and illustrated in "Learn to Figure Fast" are not experimental but the result of many years of practical work along mathematical lines.

"Learn to Figure Fast" will be invaluable to everyone who uses figures in business or private life.

"The author is to be complimented on the clearness of his short cut methods. The book will be very valuable to accountants, teachers, and business men, enabling them to reach conclusions by the shortest methods."—*The Educational Monthly*.

"I find that it contains many new and valuable short methods for handling numbers. I can cheerfully recommend the book to anyone whose business calls upon him to use figures in any way that calls for decided rapidity of operation."—*P. W. Hora, Sup't, Houston Public Schools*.

Sent post free on receipt of \$1.00 or C. O. D. for \$1.10. Circular free.

Address:

E. C. ROBERTSON

General Salesman

1408 Prairie Avenue, Houston, Texas

"The Death Warrant of the Hohenzollerns"

AT Ems in 1870, Bismarck signed the death warrant of the Hohenzollerns. By fraud and forgery the French were tricked into war, and forty years of hatred and the disasters growing out of 1914 may all be traced to the brain which conceived and perpetrated that iniquity at a little round table at Varzin.

If you would understand many of the dark points hinted at in the day's news read *The Provocation of France*, by Jean C. Bracq, \$1.25 net.

"A guiding thread to current events."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

At all Booksellers, or direct from the publishers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH

35 West 32nd Street NEW YORK

Interesting Books in all branches. Secondhand and Rare. Catalogues gratis to buyers. Mention desiderata. NEVILLE & GORGE, 5 The Arcade, South Kensington, London, Eng.

BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, PRINTS. Catalogues Free.
R. ATKINSON, 97 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, LONDON, ENG.

BOOKS, GENERAL LITERATURE. 1st editions, etc. Catalogues post free. GORFIN, (late Charing Cross Road) 1, Walerand Road, Lewisham, London, S. E.

BOOKS All Out-of-Print Books Supplied, no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. Catalogue free. Baker's Great Book Shop, 14-16 Bright St., Birmingham, Eng.

JUST ISSUED

Catalogue No. 159. History and Economics. 66 pp. Mailed Free on application.

Catalogues frequently issued on special subjects. Please send us your list of wants. Out of print books a specialty.

W. Heffer & Sons Limited, Cambridge, England

Used Books. Bargains. Catalogue. Higene's, D-2441 Post, San Francisco. (Books Bought.)

The Advertising Representative of THE DIAL in England is

MR. DAVID H. BOND

407 Bank Chambers, Chancery Lane, London, W. C.

We have just issued an exceptionally interesting catalogue of

FINE OLD BOOKS

that we are offering at special low prices in connection with our Annual Inventory Clearing Sale. If you are not in regular receipt of our catalogues we would be glad to send you a copy of this one — it may serve as an introduction to our system of selling books by mail.

CHARLES E. LAURIAT CO.

385 Washington St. BOSTON
OPPOSITE FRANKLIN ST.

Our New

Clearance Catalogue

Contains Over 750 Titles
Every Title Briefly Described
Ready about February 25th

In so great a number of books taken from the overstock of the largest wholesale dealers in the books of all publishers, you will surely find some you will want. Shall we send you a copy of the Clearance Catalogue?

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers
354 Fourth Ave. NEW YORK At 26th St.

Six Lectures on Architecture. By Ralph Adams Cram, Claude Hastings, and Claude Bragdon. Illustrated, 8vo, 172 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

The Return to Mutton. By James N. Rosenberg. 12mo, 53 pages. Mitchell Kennerly, 75 cts.

The Contemporary Drama of England. By Thomas H. Dickinson. 12mo, 303 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. 12mo, 225 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

BOOKS ABOUT THE GREAT WAR.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. With maps, 12mo, 377 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.

Bullets and Billets. By Bruce Bairnsfather. Illustrated, 12mo, 286 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The War of Democracy. The Allies' Statement. 8vo, 441 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.

My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. 12mo, 404 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Adventures of the U-202. By Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim. 12mo, 202 pages. The Century Co. \$1.

At Suva Bay. By John Hargrave. Illustrated, 12mo, 182 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

Alsace-Lorraine. By David Starr Jordan. 12mo, 114 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.

The Issue. By J. W. Headlam. 12mo, 159 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.

Via Pacis. By Harold F. McCormick. 12mo, 45 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. 60 cts.

The Revolt in Arabia. By Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. 12mo, 50 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.

"Mademoiselle Miss"; Letters from an American girl serving with the rank of lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the front. Illustrated, 12mo, 102 pages. W. A. Butterfield. 50 cts.

From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles: A Midshipman's Log. Edited by his mother. 12mo, 174 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts.

The Effect of War upon Art and Literature. By Lawrence Haward. 32 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper, 15 cts.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS, SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, AND POLITICS.

The Principles of Natural Taxation. By C. B. Fillebrown. With frontispiece, 12mo, 281 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

The Public Defender. By Mayer C. Goldman. 12mo, 96 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

Defence and Foreign Affairs. By Z. A. Lash. 12mo, 86 pages. Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

Labor and Liberty. By Samuel Rabinowitz. 12mo, 306 pages. Samuel Rabinowitz. \$1.

HISTORY.

The Fight for the Republic. By Rossiter Johnson. With illustrations and maps, 8vo, 404 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Early Narratives of the Northwest. By Louise Phelps Kellogg. With maps, 12mo, 382 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Intolerance in the Reign of Elizabeth. By Arthur Jay Klein. 12mo, 218 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

The Celt and the World. By Shane Leslie. 12mo, 224 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Sixty Years of American Life. By Everett P. Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 489 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. By Orton H. Carmichael. 12mo, 116 pages. Abingdon Press. 85 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Hawaii Past and Present. By William R. Castle, Jr. New edition. Illustrated, 12mo, 260 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

That Was a Dream Worth Building. By Louis F. Stellmann. Illustrated, 12mo, 42 pages. H. S. Crocker & Co. \$1.

In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins. With illustrations and maps, 12mo, 344 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

In Far North-East Siberia. By I. W. Shklovsky. Illustrated, 12mo, 264 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3.

Highways and Byways in Nottinghamshire. By Frederick L. Griggs. Illustrated, 12mo, 426 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.

China Inside Out. By George A. Miller. Illustrated. 12mo, 180 pages. The Abingdon Press. \$1.

SCIENCE.

Telephone Apparatus. By George D. Shepardson. Illustrated, 8vo, 337 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.

The Order of Nature. By Lawrence J. Henderson. 12mo, 234 pages. Harvard University Press.

RELIGION.

Religion for To-day. By John Haynes Holmes. 12mo, 385 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Justification of God. By P. T. Forsyth. 12mo, 232 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 90 cts.

The Apostles' Creed Today. By Edward S. Drown. 12mo, 129 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.

The Duality of the Bible. By Sidney C. Tapp. With frontispiece, 12mo, 328 pages. Sidney C. Tapp.

Fundamental Questions. By Henry Churchill King. 12mo, 256 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

PHILOSOPHY.

Creative Intelligence. By John Dewey and Others. 12mo, 467 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.

The Essentials of Logic. By R. W. Sellars. 12mo, 349 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.60.

The Philosophy of William James. By Th. Flournoy. 12mo, 246 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.30.

The Amateur Philosopher. By Carl H. Grabo. 12mo, 290 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

EDUCATION AND TEXTBOOKS.

Promotion of Learning in India. By Narendra Nath Law. Illustrated, 4to, 260 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.50.

The Teacher as Artist. By Herman Harrell Horne. 16mo, 62 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 70 cts.

Modern European History. By Charles Downer Hazen. With illustrations and maps, 12mo, 650 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Deutsches Lesebuch. By Peter Scherer. Illustrated, 12mo, 132 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

German Poems. By Oscar Burkhard. With frontispiece, 12mo, 129 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Selections from American Poetry. By Margaret Sprague Carhart. With frontispiece, 16mo, 373 pages. Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

Representative Short Stories. By Nina Hart and Edna M. Ferry. With frontispiece, 16mo, 304 pages. Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

Classroom Spanish. By Marie A. Solano. 14 pages. D. C. Heath & Co. Paper, 10 cts.

BUSINESS.

Agriculture and the Farming Business. By Oscar H. Benson and George H. Betts. Illustrated, 12mo, 778 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50.

Business Law for Business Men. By Utley E. Crane. 12mo, 749 pages. John C. Winston Co.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. By G. W. Dasent. With frontispiece, 12mo, 308 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

The Mary Frances First Aid Book. By Jane Eayre Fryer. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 144 pages. The John C. Winston Co. \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rings. By George Frederick Kunz. Illustrated, 8vo, 381 pages. J. P. Lippincott Co. \$6.50.

A First Course of English Phonetics. By Harold E. Palmer. 12mo, 89 pages. W. Heffer & Sons. 2s. 6d.

The Freedom of the Seas. By Hugo Grotius. 8vo, 83 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.

Auction Declarations. By Milton C. Work. 16mo, 388 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$1.

Foster's Pirate Bridge. By R. F. Foster. 12mo, 189 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

How to Get Ahead. By Albert W. Atwood. 12mo, 277 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

Eat and Grow Fat. By B. Johnston. 12mo, 106 pages. The Sherwood Co. \$1.

The Practical Use of Books and Libraries. By Gilbert O. Ward. 12mo, 118 pages. The Boston Books Co. \$1.25.

Efficiency Through Concentration. By B. Johnston. 12mo, 91 pages. The Sherwood Co. 60 cts.

The Johnson Calendar. By Alexander Montgomerie Bell. 234 pages. Oxford Press. 50 cts.

A Vision of the Future. By Richard Marvin Chapman. With frontispiece, 12mo, 122 pages. The Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.

QUALITY SERVICE

Book binding in all its branches

Correspondence Solicited

The Henry O. Shepard Co.

632 SHERMAN STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE DIAL is the accustomed literary guide and aid of thousands of bookbuyers, covering every section of this country.



For the Children's Room. A New Magazine for Little Boys and Girls

CHILDHOOD Bright, helpful, popular \$1 a year. Published monthly by

DAUGHADAY AND COMPANY
608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

Authors' Mss. Typed with carbon copy. 40c per thousand words. Miss Almira Ferris, 303 High St., Elkhart, Ind.

F. M. HOLLY Authors' and Publishers' Representative

156 Fifth Avenue, New York (Established 1905)

RATES AND FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION

Thirty-seventh Year. LETTERS OF CRITICISM, EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address DR. TITUS M. COAN, 424 W. 119th St., New York City

ANNA PARMLY PARET
LITERARY AGENT

291 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

After many years of editorial experience with Harper & Brothers, Miss Paret offers to criticize and revise manuscripts for writers. Fees reasonable. Terms sent on application.

Makers of the 19th Century

Biographies of men of all countries who have had a definite influence on the nineteenth century.

Octavo. With Frontispiece. Each \$2.00 net

HERBERT SPENCER By Hugh Elliot

"We shall find that, without money, without special education, without health, Herbert Spencer produced eighteen large volumes of philosophy and science of many diverse kinds; that he invented an entire new system of philosophy which for half a century filled the attention of all thinking people; that he led the chief controversies on Evolution and Biology without ever having received any tuition in those subjects; that he wrote perhaps the most important text-book of Psychology of his century, without any acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, and scarcely any with those of his contemporaries; that he established the science of Sociology in England; that in all branches of so-called Moral Science he was recognized as a leader; that he became the philosophic exponent of nineteenth century Liberalism; that he published a variety of mechanical inventions; and that on endless other subjects, great and small, he set forth a profusion of new and original ideas."

PORFIRIO DIAZ By David Hannay

Born in 1830 of poor and illiterate parents, Diaz became President of Mexico in 1876. Deposed by age and the swelling up of anarchy, he died in Paris in 1915. Diaz brought his country to more respectable prosperity and prominence than it had ever before enjoyed. For his own large corner of the world, he was truly a maker of the nineteenth century.

With this biography is combined a lively picture of Mexico, still almost as little known to most Americans as any Balkan state.

EARLIER VOLUMES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Lord Charnwood

"The most complete interpretation of Lincoln as yet produced, and presented in such artistic form that it may well become classic."—*American Historical Review*.

"Bound to take a first rank in the literature of Lincoln, and in many respects may be pronounced the best of biographies yet produced."—*The Nation*.

DELANE OF THE TIMES

By Sir Edward Cook

"In its human interest and its graphic power of character-delineation the book may be compared to Thayer's 'Life of John Hay.'"—*Literary Digest*.

FELLOW CAPTAINS

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

Author of "The Spinster"

and Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Author of "The Bent Twig"

A suggestive book on self-suggestion, "as entertaining as it is wise."—*N. Y. Times*. \$1.25 net

ROMAIN ROLLAND'S BEETHOVEN

Translated by A. EAGLEFIELD HULL, translator of Rolland's "Handel." Uniform with that book and the same author's "Musicians of To-day" and "Some Musicians of Former Days." Just ready. \$1.50 net

This is, perhaps, the most famous of the non-fiction musical books by the author of "Jean-Christophe." The translator has added to M. Rolland's famous monograph, in which he treats of Beethoven both as musician and hero, so much interesting additional material that this volume almost doubles the size of the original.

By the author of "Europe Since 1815"

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND NAPOLEON (1789-1815)

By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN, Professor of History, Columbia University

With numerous maps in color and black and white. 8vo. \$2.50 net. (Just ready)

Hazen's "Europe Since 1815" (9th printing, \$3.75 net) has been in recent years one of the most widely read books of non-fiction. The author now furnishes the volume which, taken with the earlier book, makes an unusually readable and authoritative history of Europe since 1789.



HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

34 West 33d Street
New York